



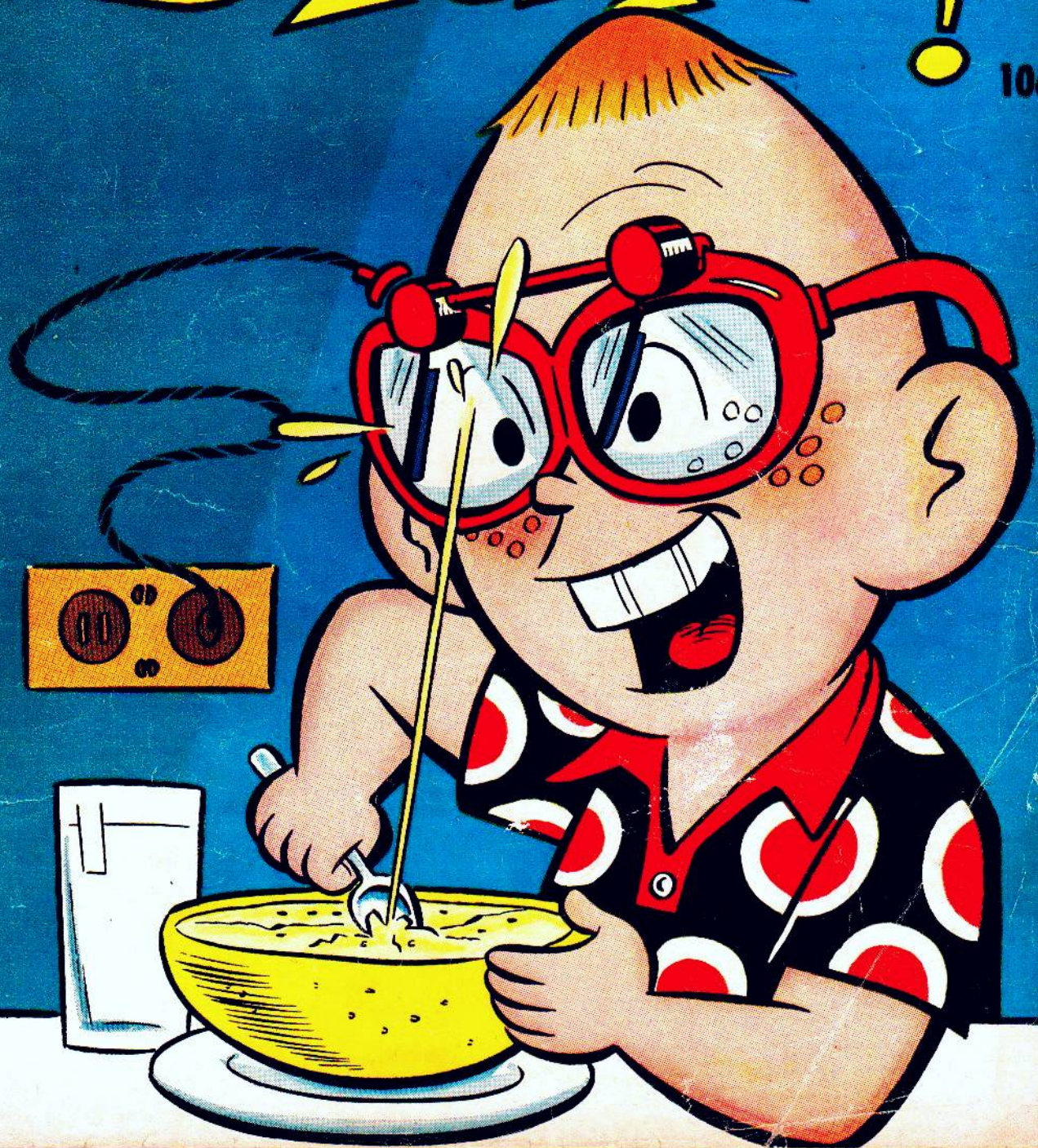
PDC

NO. 1 SEPT.



the Brain!

10c





WEB COMIC
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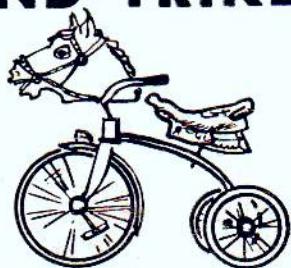
BUCKAROOS!

WESTERNIZE YOUR BIKE AND TRIKE

PINTO HEAD

\$298

Young cowpokes will fall in love at first sight with this Pinto Pony Head. It is made of tough but soft vinyl, designed to fit any bike or trike. This handsome horse's head, designed by one of America's foremost sculptors, will make every buckaroo believe he is riding a real horse. Richly colored in brown, black, and pink nostrils. Packed in individual gift box.

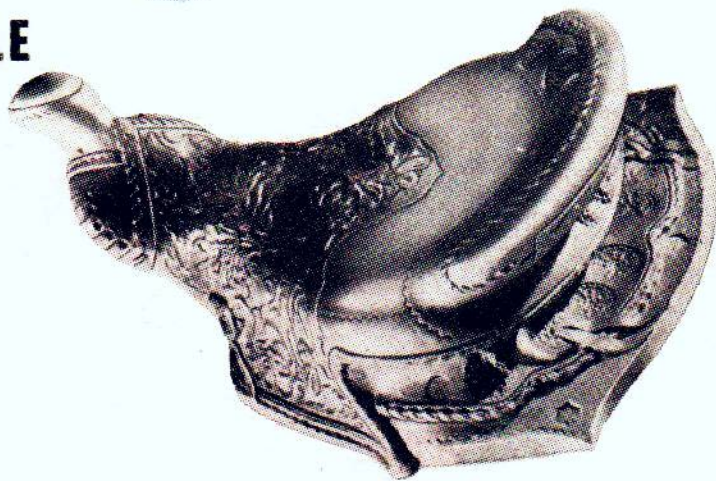


**FITS
ANY
BIKE
OR TRIKE**

BRONCO SADDLE

Watch the family buckaroos glow with pride when they saddle up their realistic Bronco Saddle, designed to fit snugly over any bicycle or tricycle seat. Made of tough but soft vinyl, this richly embossed saddle will give young cowhands years of fun. Packed in individual gift box.

\$298



COMPIX, Dept. CR2, 10 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

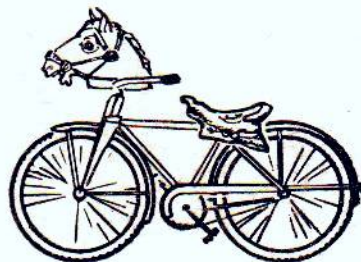
Enclosed you will find \$ Please rush:
..... Bronco Saddles
..... Horse's Heads

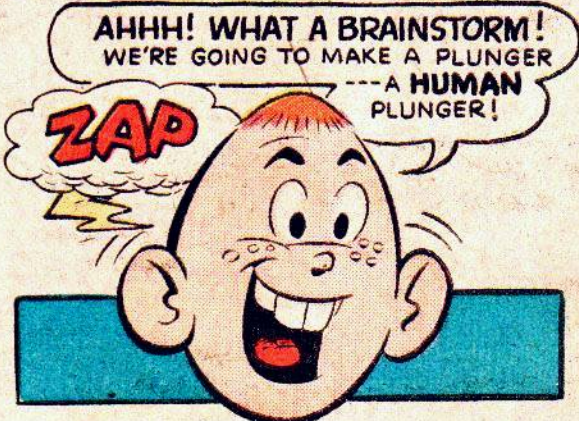
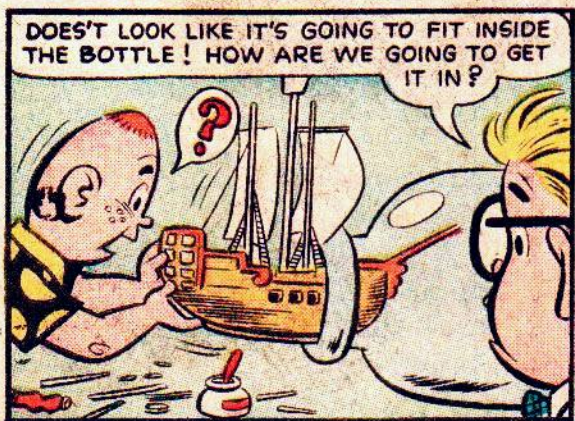
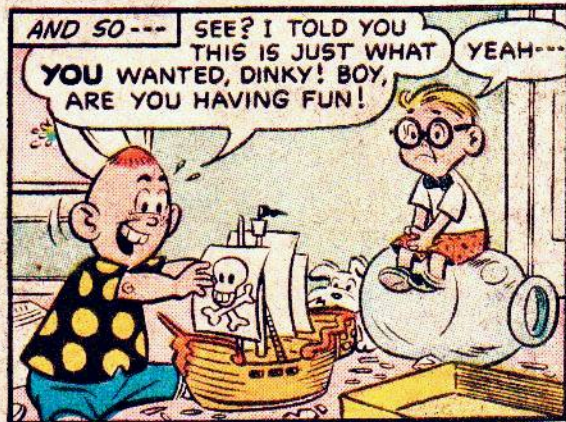
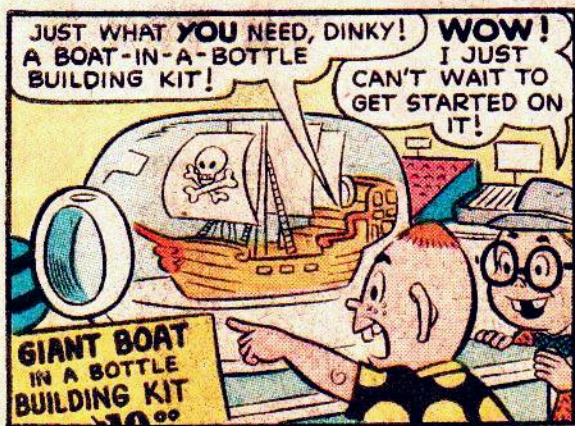
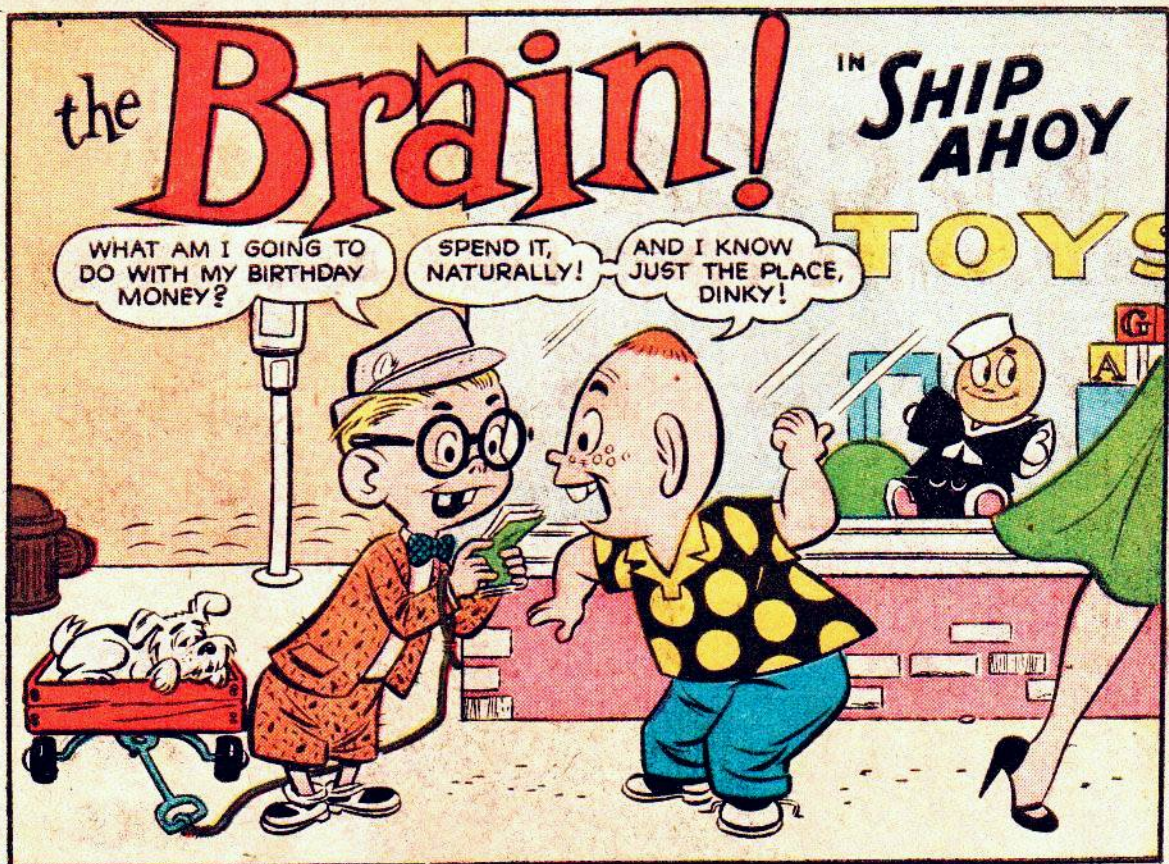
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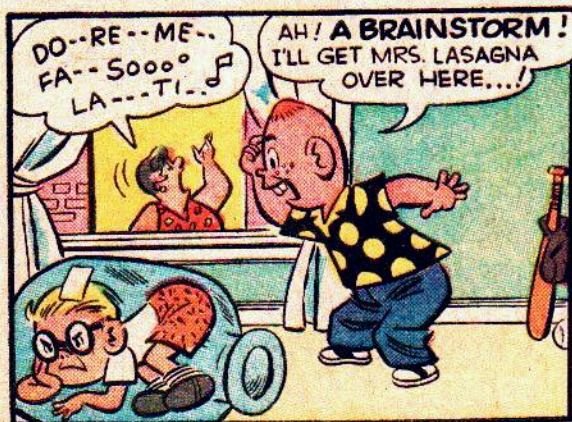
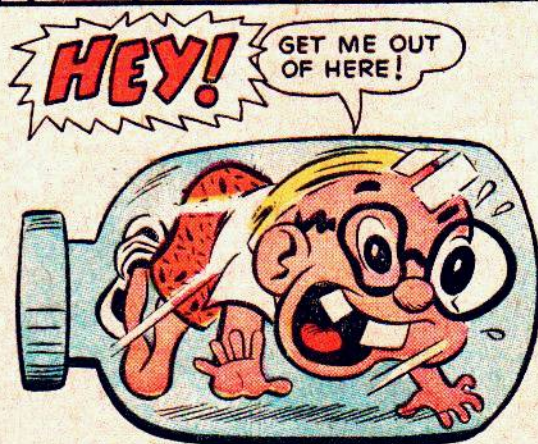
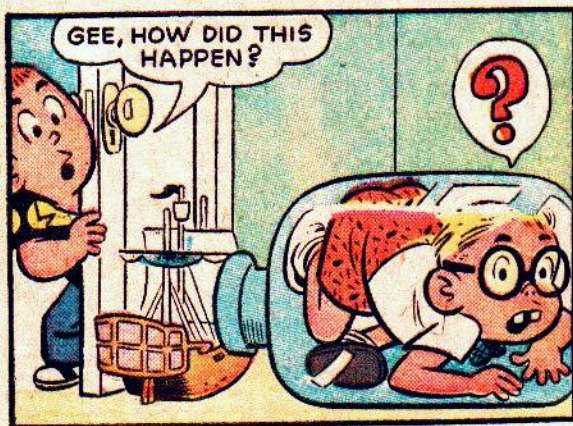
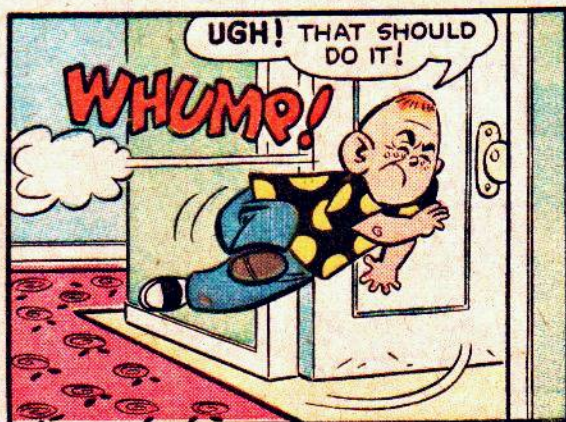
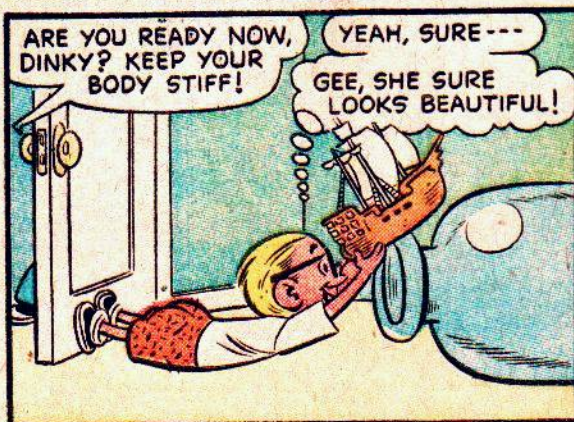
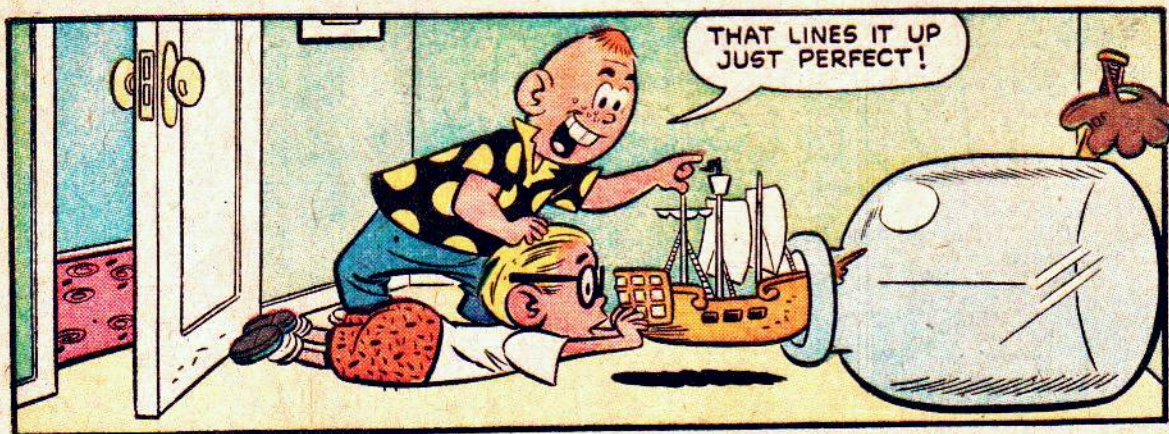
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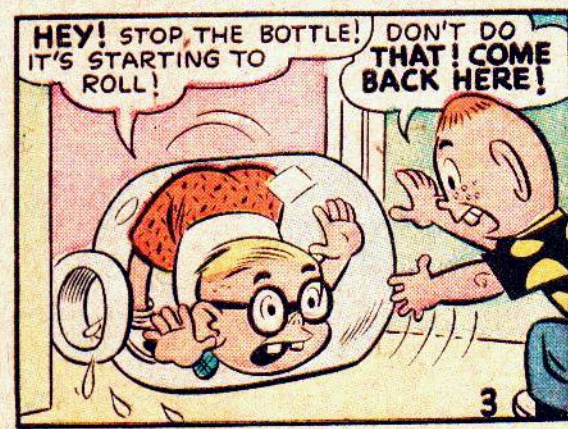
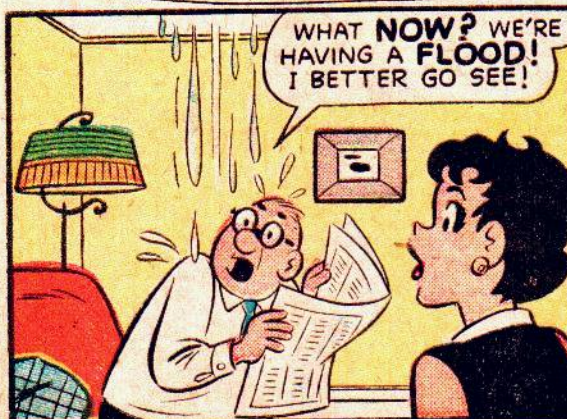
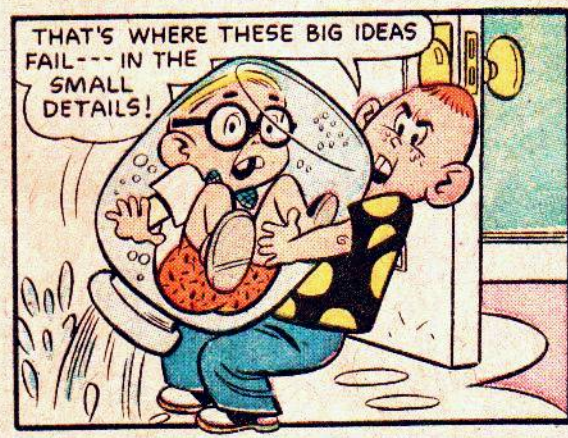
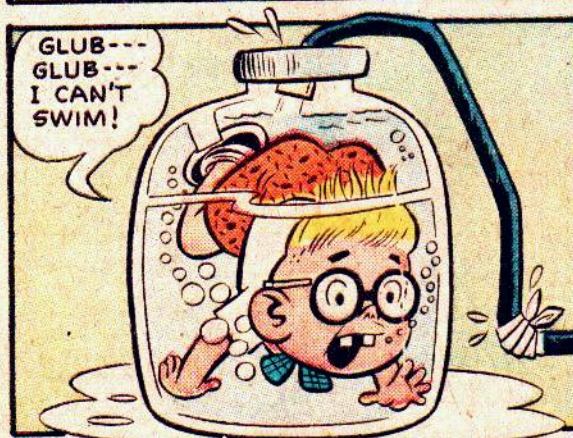
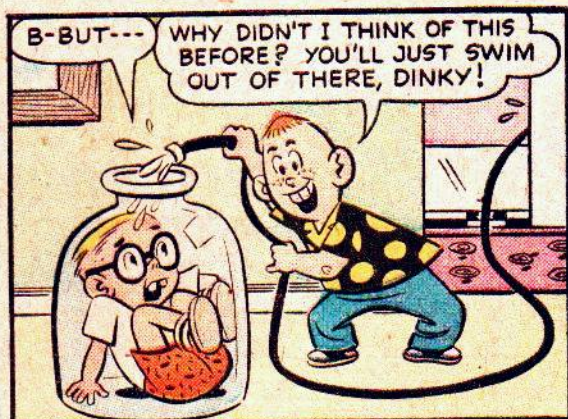
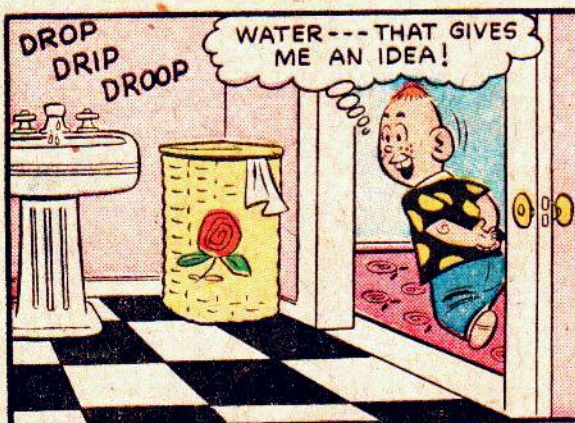
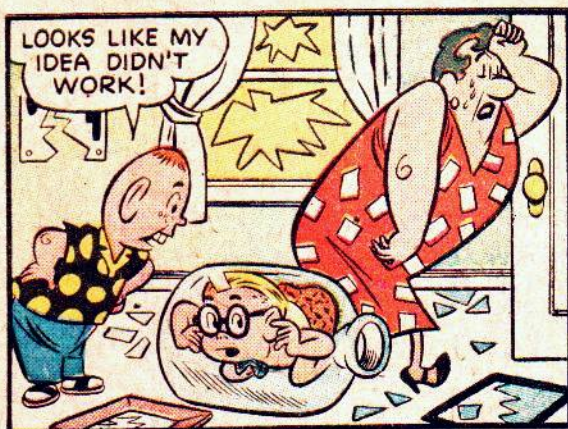
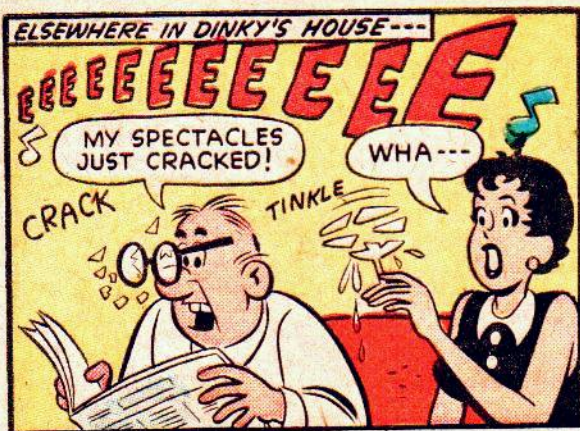
City State

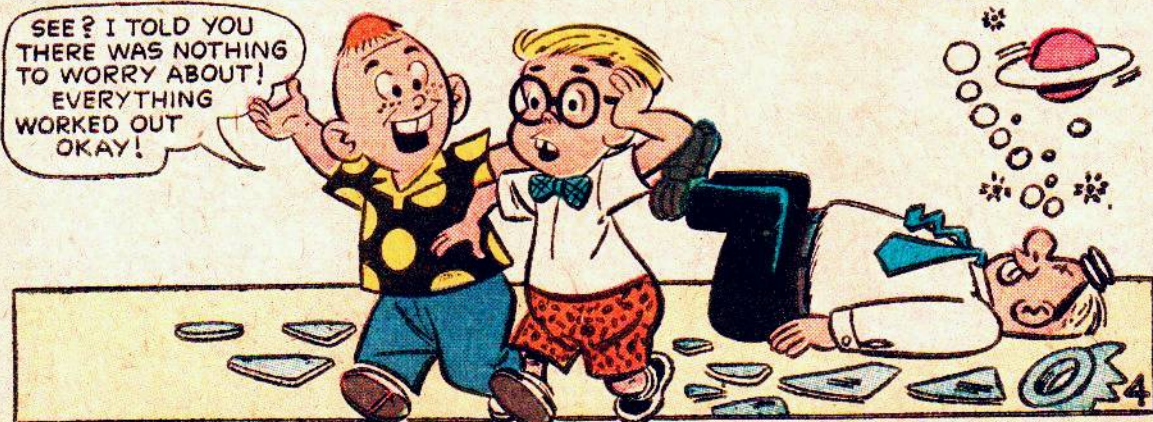
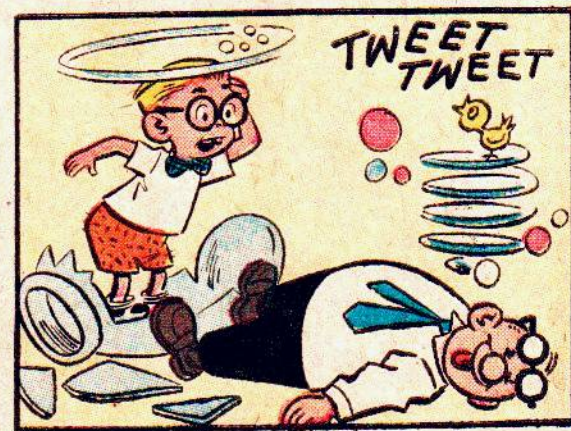
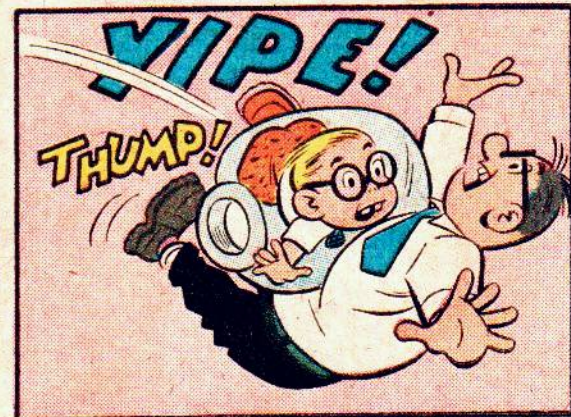
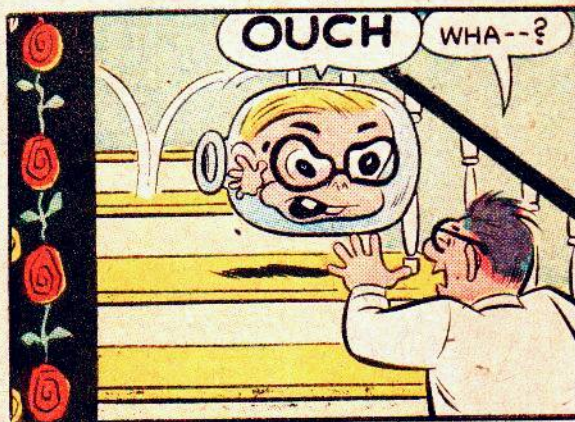
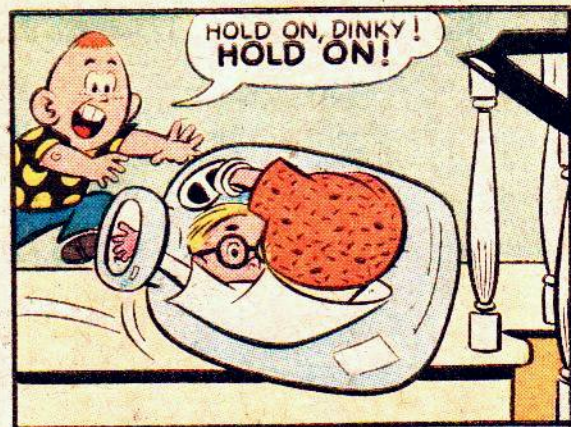
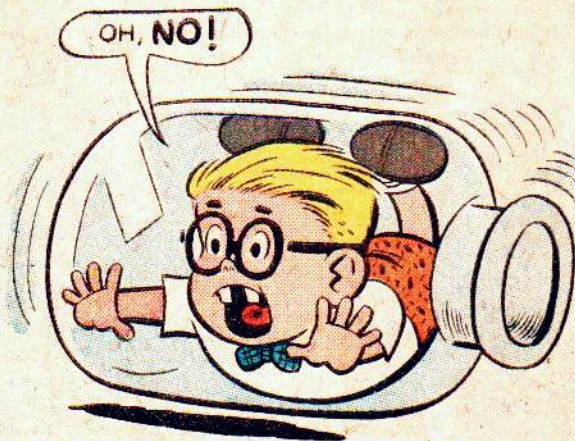
Add 25¢ for shipping and handling costs. Sorry, No C.O.D. orders.

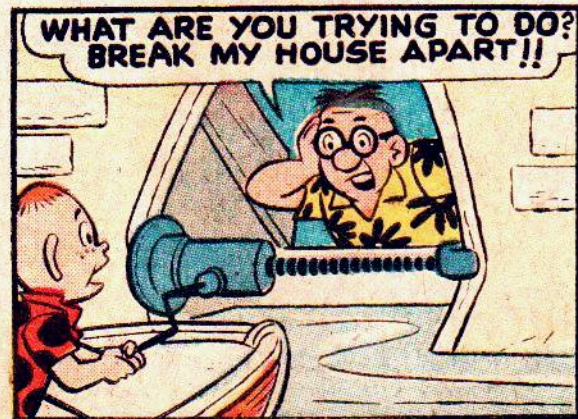
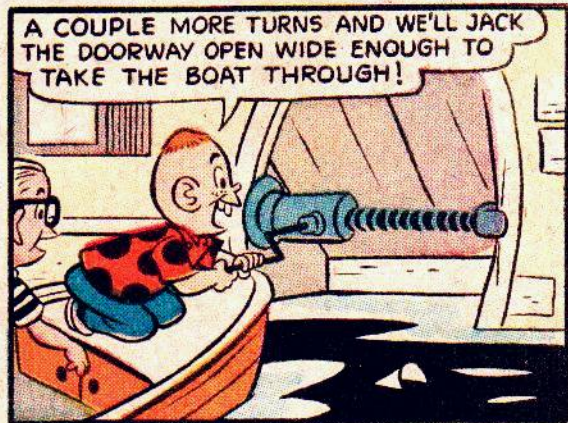
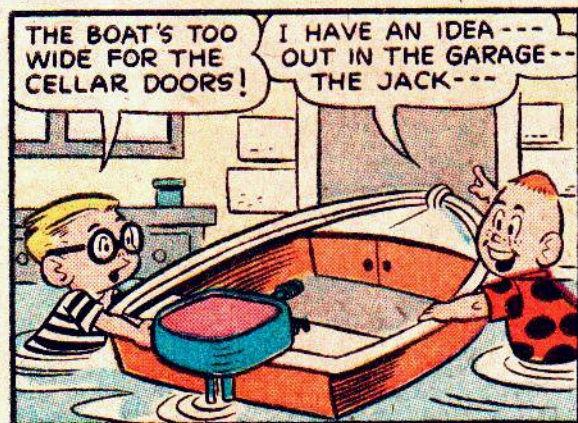
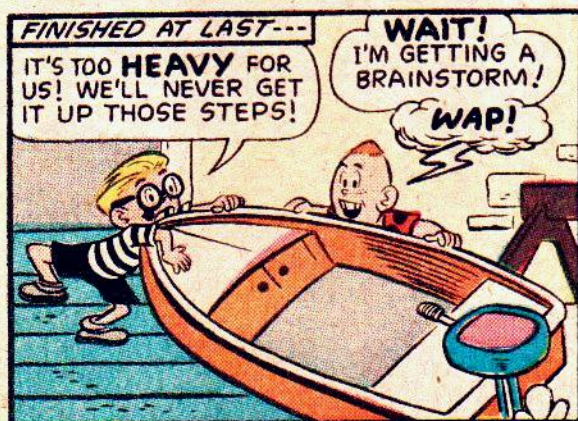
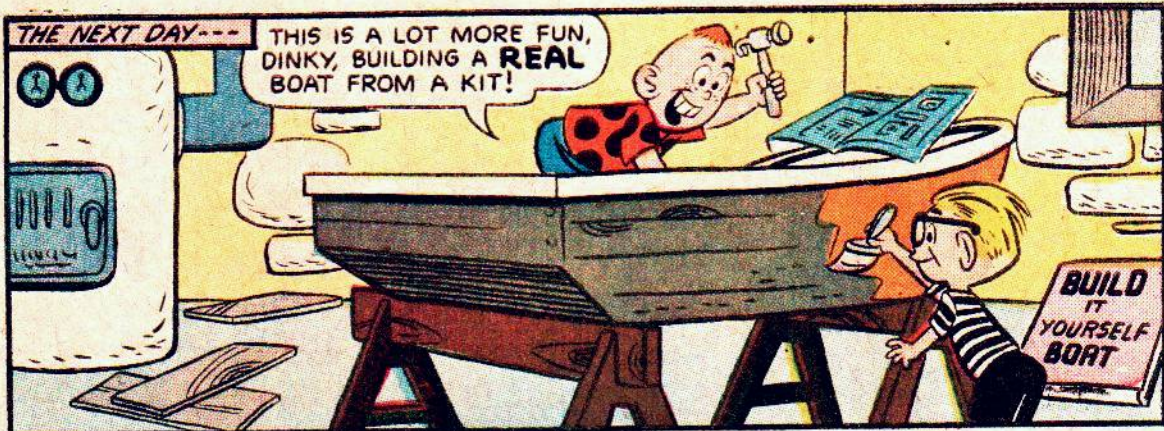


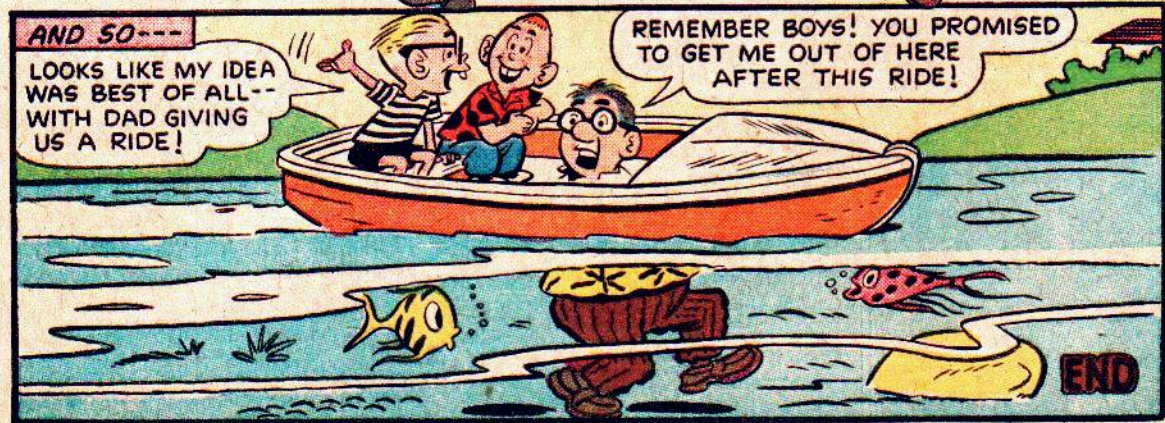
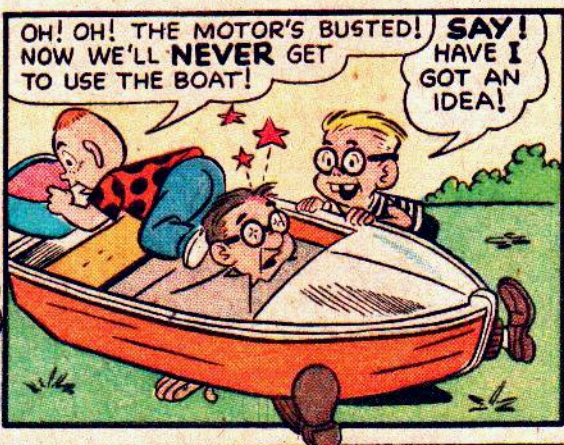
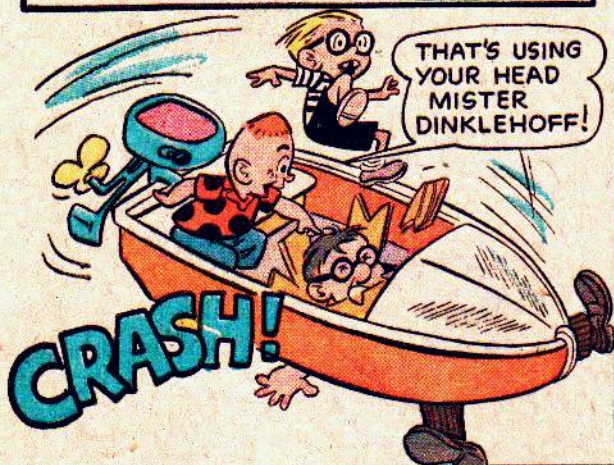
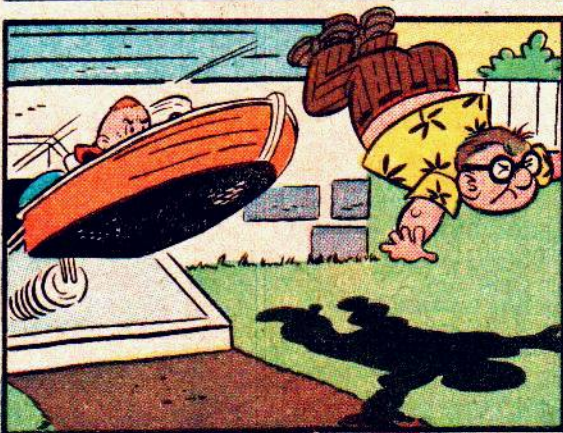
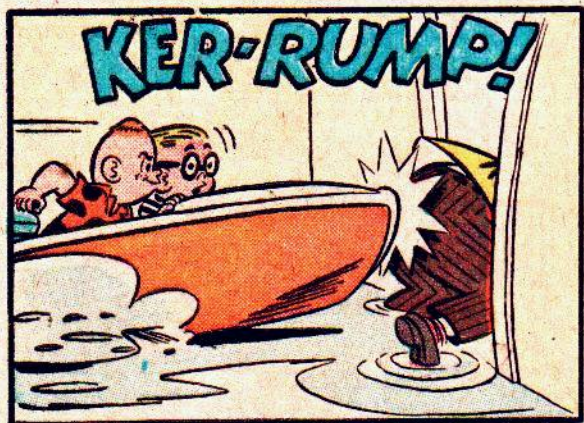
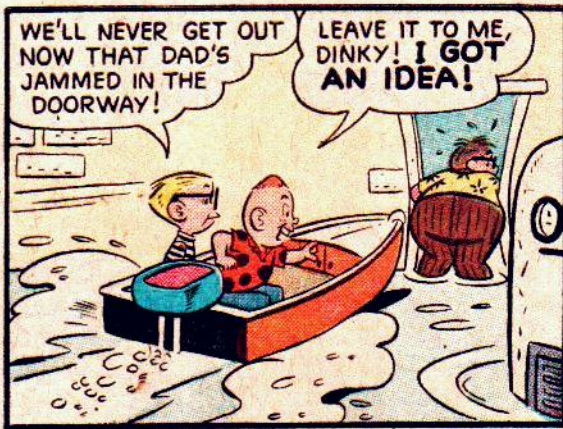
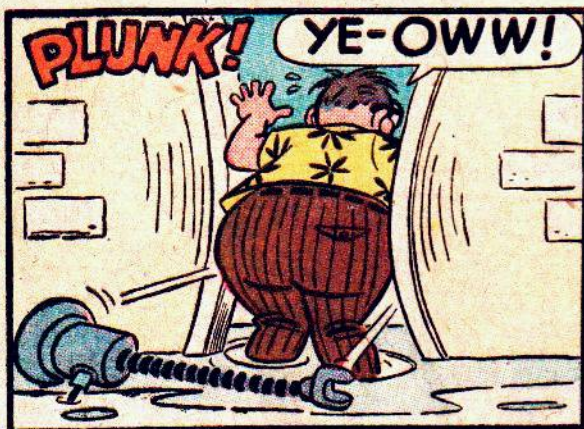










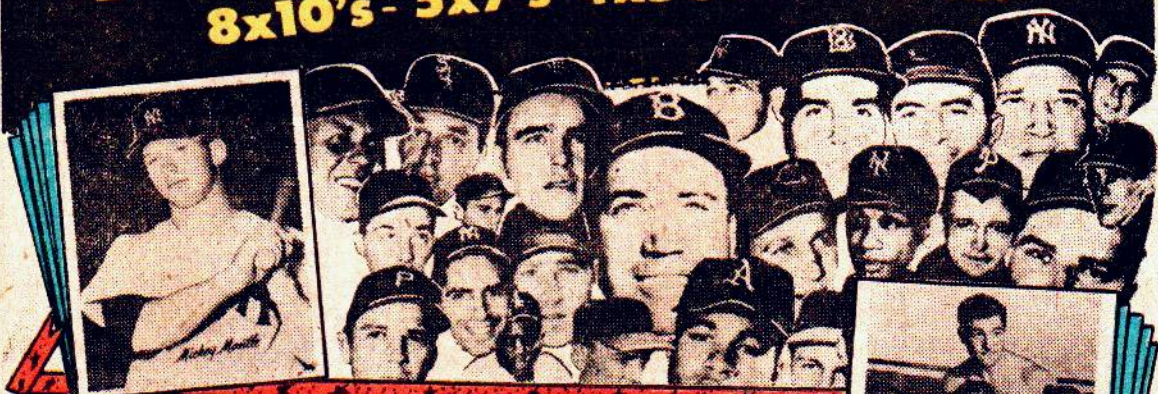


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Please RUSH my 500 pictures, membership card, club pin and club news. Include my bonus 8"x10" enlargement.
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All the latest INSIDE info on your favorite players and teams... sent FREE to club members only.

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THE BRAINS IN BACK OF THE N.Y. YANKEES

EXTRA FREE BONUS!

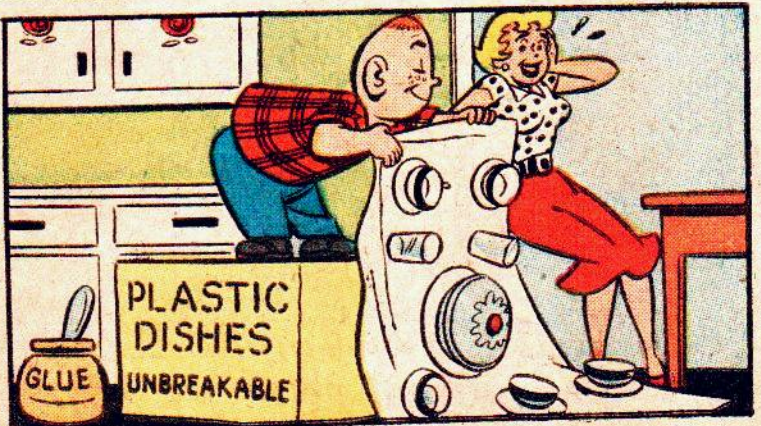
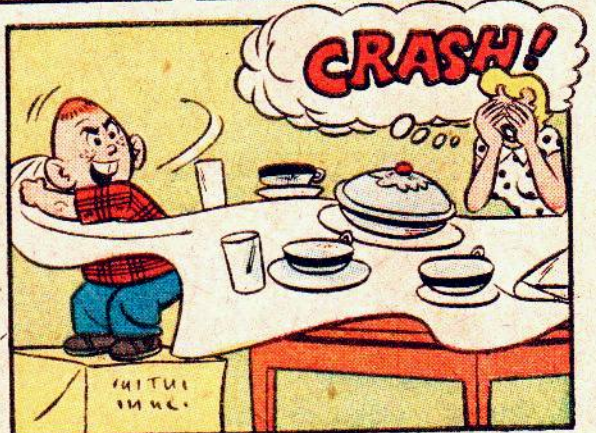
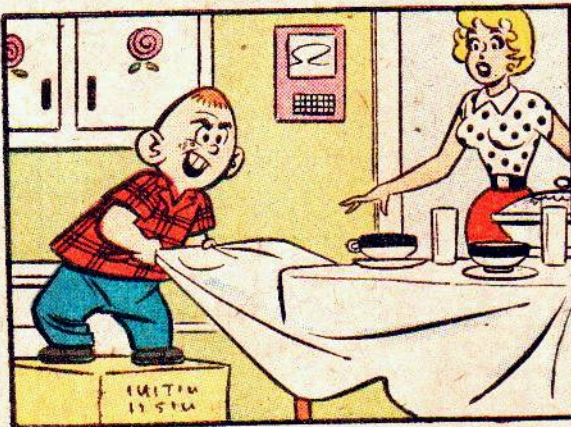
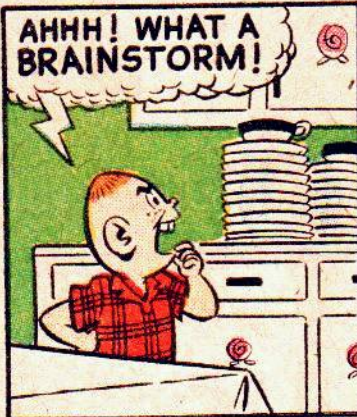
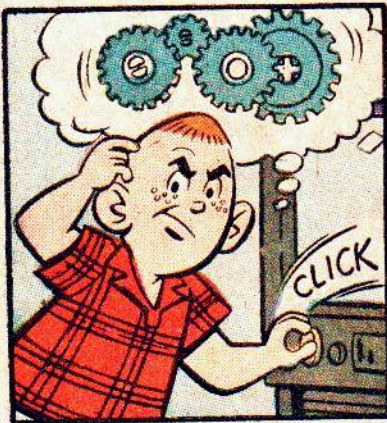
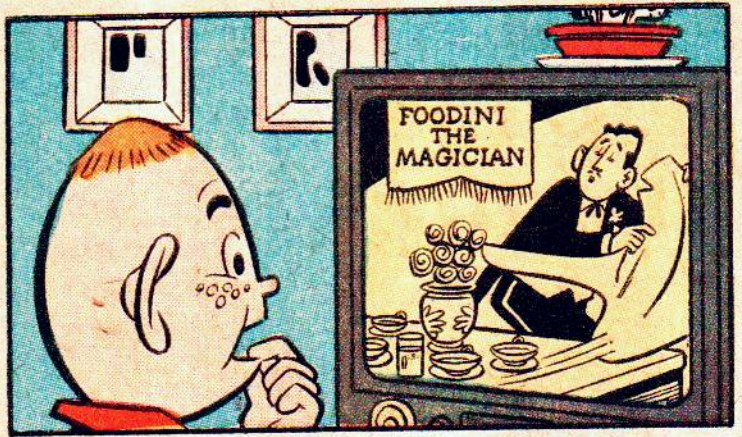
Large 8"x10" glossy picture of our "SPORTS STAR OF THE MONTH" free to each new member. Suitable for framing.

ALL-AMERICAN SPORTS CLUB

114 E. 32nd St.
N.Y. 16, N.Y.

the Brain!

IN THE MAGICIAN



KELLY the GREAT

in
**up in
the air**

NOW THAT WE HAVE OUR SHEET
OF DOUGH PAPER-THIN, WE CAN
START MAKING OUR CHERRY
CHEESE STRUDEL!

MMM! THAT
SOUNDS
DELISHUS!

MOM! OUR TV
WENT
BLANK!

OH, DEAR! AND I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT
WITH ALL THIS DOUGH!

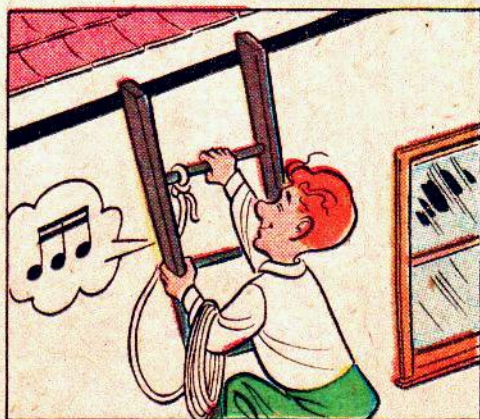
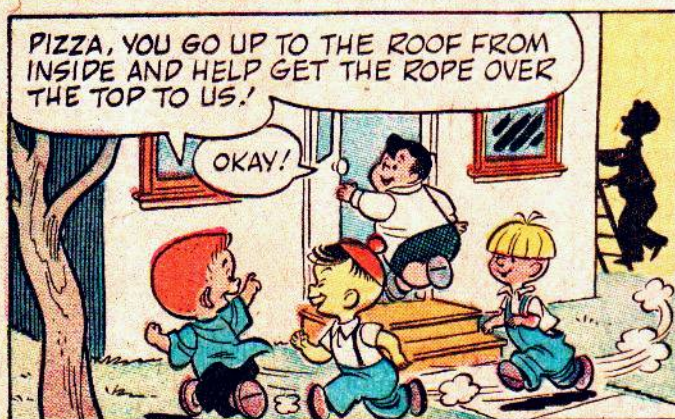
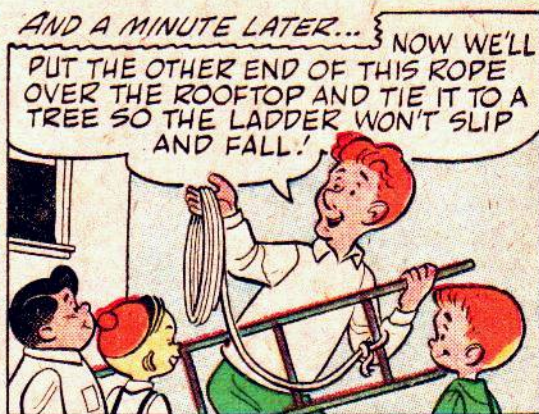
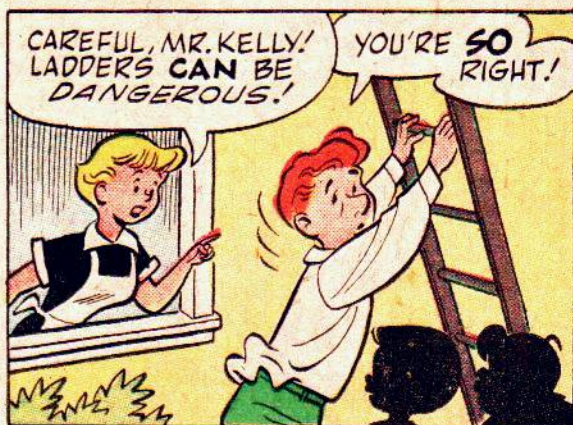
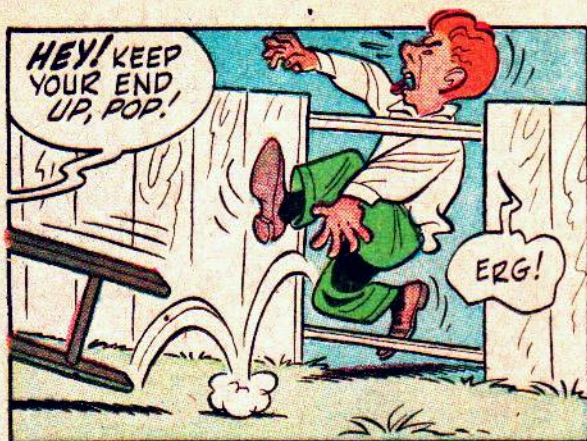
SHORTLY... WHY SO SAD, HONEY?
Y'LOOK LIKE YOU LOST YOUR
BEST DOLL!

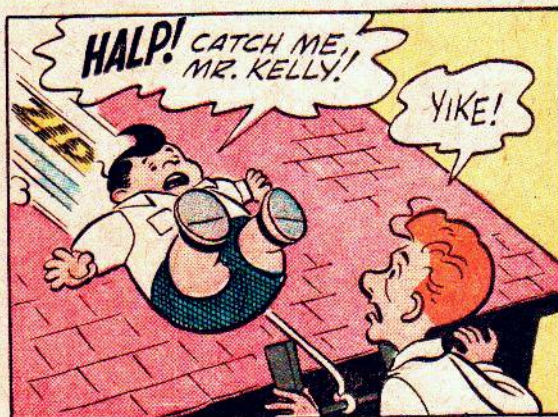
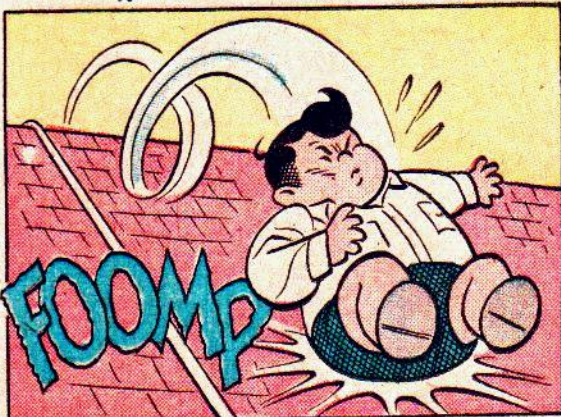
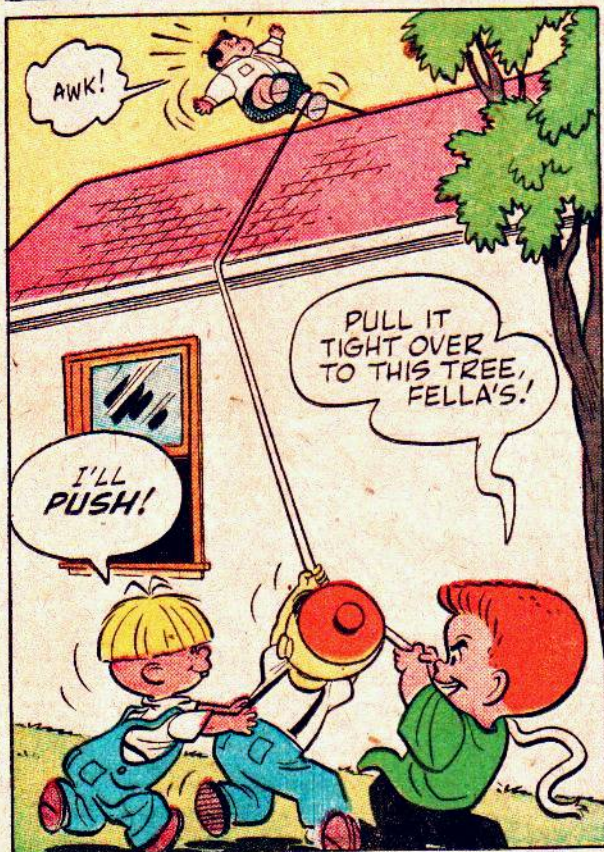
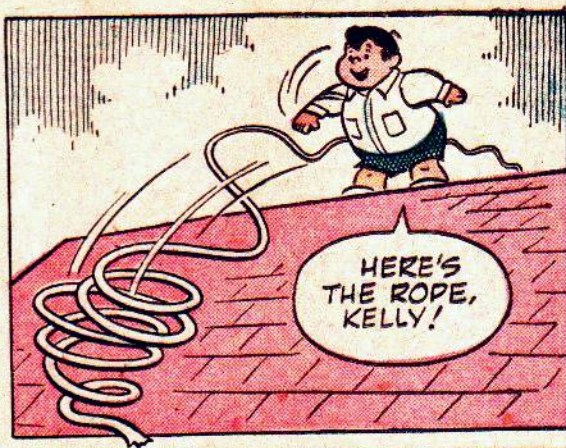
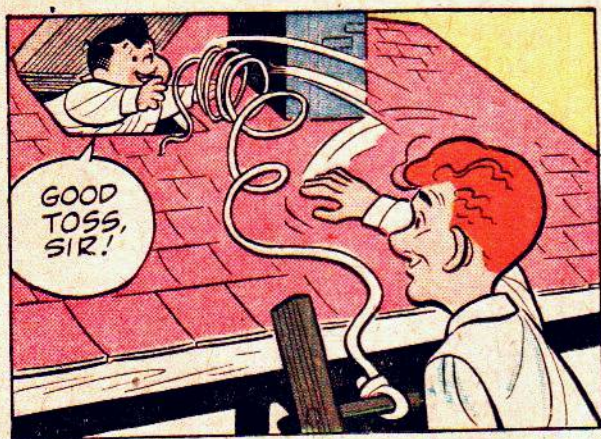
OUR TV ISN'T WORKING! THE
WIND BLEW OUR ANTENNA
CROOKED, AND MOM IS STUCK
WITH HER HANDS FULL OF
DOUGH 'CAUSE SHE CAN'T
HEAR THE REST OF THE
RECIPE!

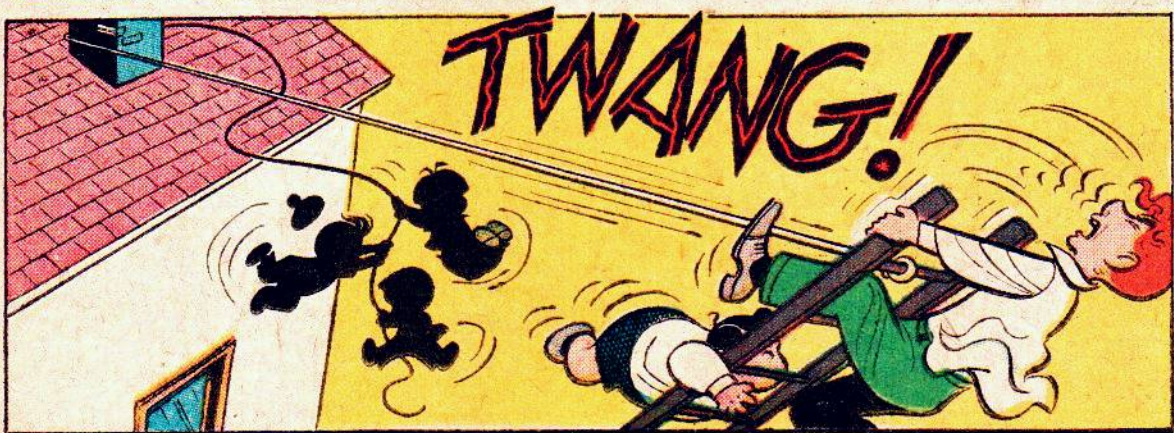
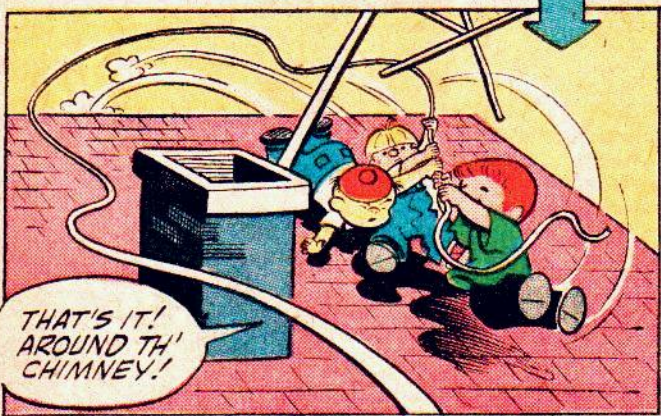
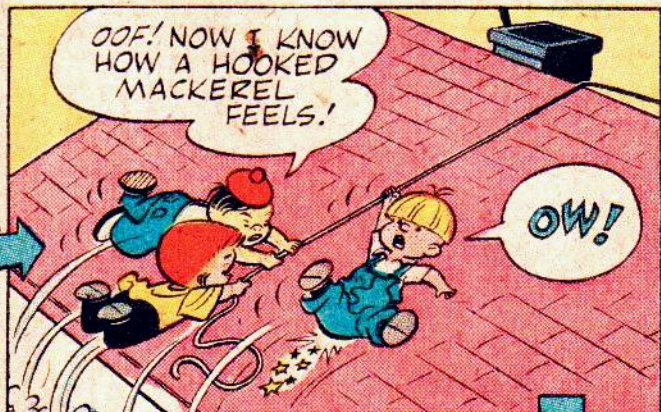
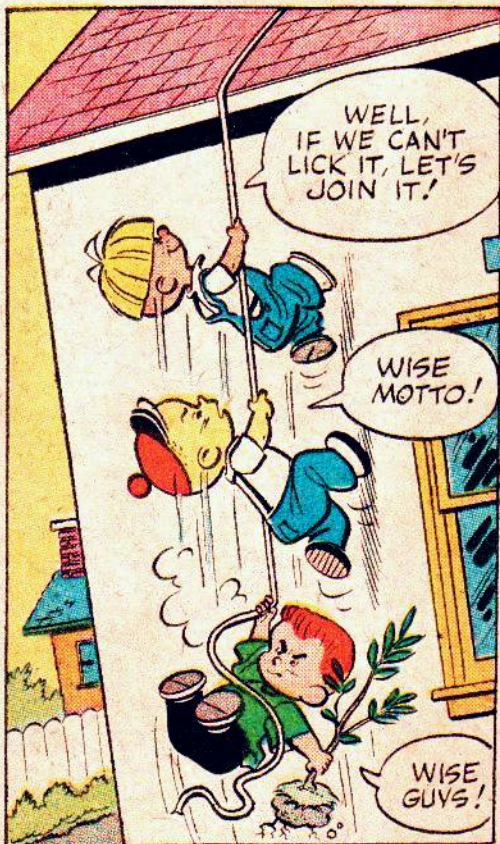
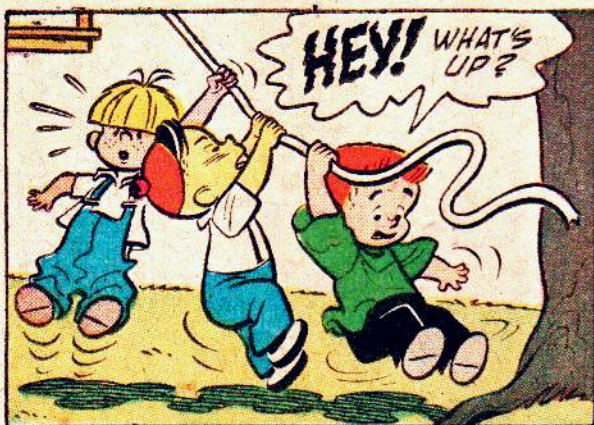
AW, THAT'S NOTHIN'! I'LL GET
MY DAD TO HELP, AND WE'LL
IT QUICK! CHEER UP, KID!

HURRY
UP, POP!

HEY, SLOW DOWN!
YOUR SHORT-CUT
IS A BOOBY-TRAP
FOR ME!

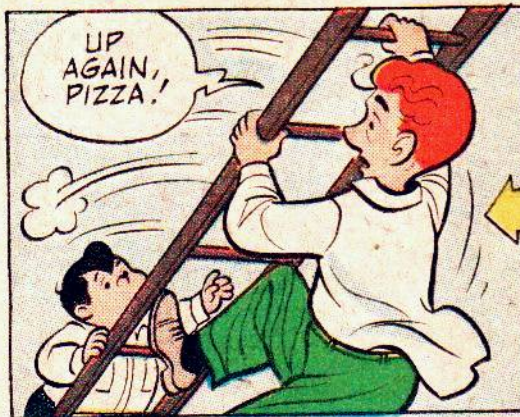








WE'D BETTER
CLIMB DOWN,
PIZZA!



UP
AGAIN,
PIZZA!



HEY, DAD! DON'T GO
DOWN! THE LADDER
WILL SWING BACK
WITHOUT YOUR
WEIGHT ON TOP,
AND **WE'LL** FALL
TO THE
GROUND!

OH,
GOSH!

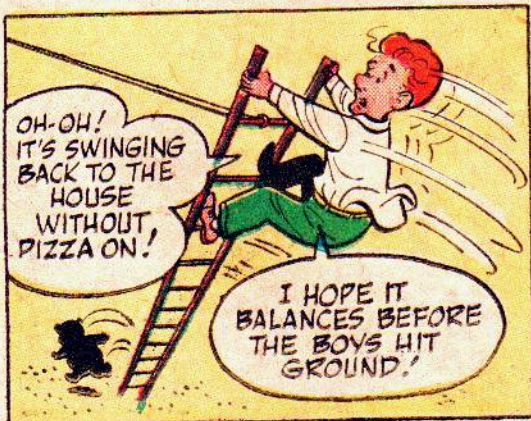


YOU GO DOWN ALONE THIS TIME, PIZZA!
I'LL KEEP MY WEIGHT OUT UP HERE AND
TRY TO BALANCE THE LADDER AGAINST
THE ROPE SO IT DOESN'T
SWING TOWARD THE
HOUSE AND LET THE
BOYS FALL!

OKAY,
MR.
KELLY!



BOY!
WILL I
BE GLAD
TO GET
THAT
OLD
**TERRA
FIRMA**
UNDER
FOOT
AGAIN!



OH-OH!
IT'S SWINGING
BACK TO THE
HOUSE
WITHOUT
PIZZA ON!

I HOPE IT
BALANCES BEFORE
THE BOYS HIT
GROUND!

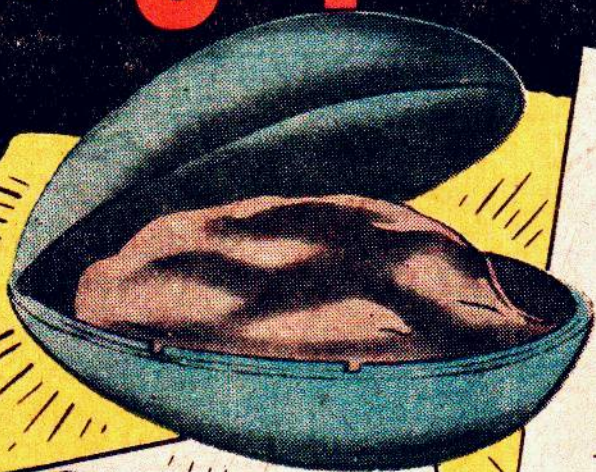


WHEW! WE CAME TO A
STOP JUST IN TIME!

I'LL HELP
YOU, BOYS!

A NEW SCIENTIFIC TOY!

NUTTY PUTTY



ONLY \$1.00

NUTTY PUTTY...

real crazy!!! A liquid solid! Amazing and fun! Roll into a ball, it bounces! Hit with hammer—it shatters! Pull it slowly—it stretches! Press it on a comic book and it steals a perfect impression in color... Leave it alone and it sinks into a tired little puddle. Comes in a leakproof plastic egg... You'll relax with this one—and really have a ball.

It is made of the wonder material your parents have read about in Life, Time, and other magazines. Truly a great new toy. This is the real THING.

BOUNCE IT..

HIT IT..

**IT'S
GREAT
FUN!**

MOLD IT...

STRETCH IT...

Order now
—Return this
rush coupon
with your
\$1.00

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LUCKY PRODUCTS DEPT. TB-1

Carle Place, L. I., N. Y.

NO COD'S

Gentlemen:

Here is my dollar. Please rush Natty Putty. If I am not completely satisfied, I can return merchandise for full refund. Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.

Name _____

Address _____

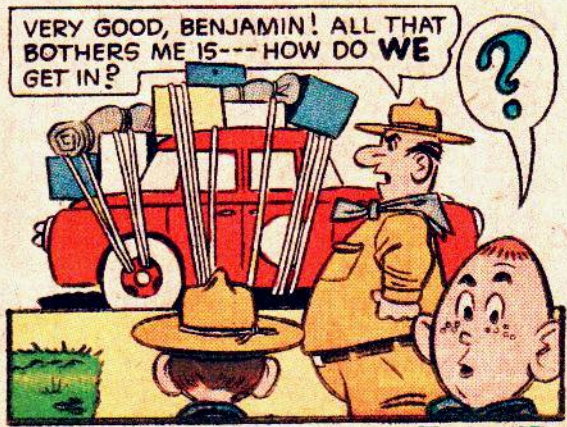
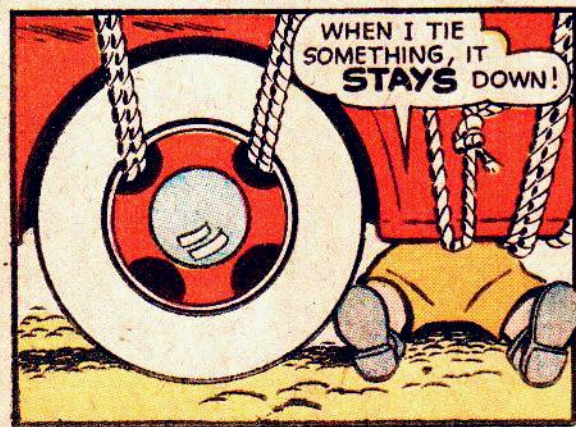
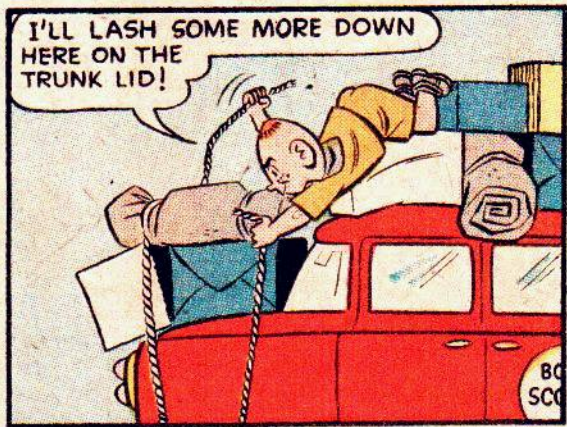
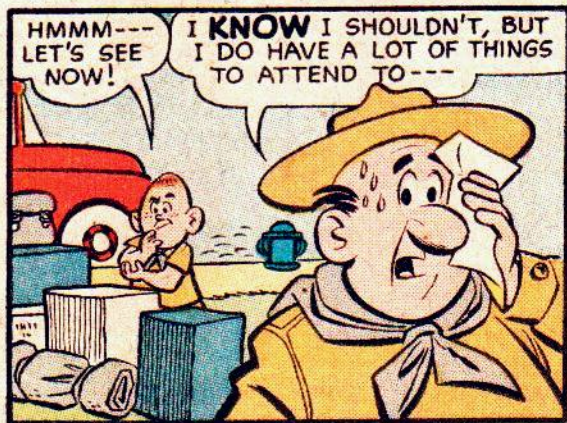
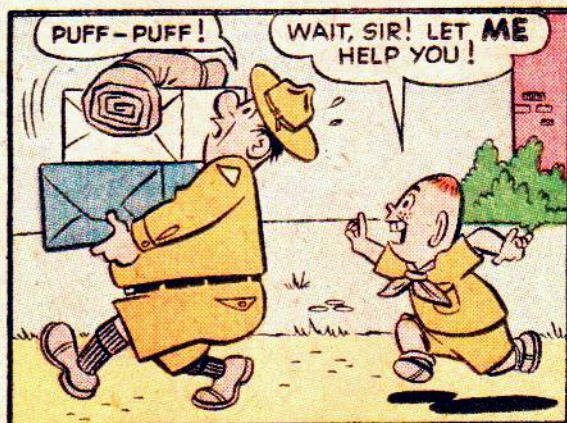
City _____

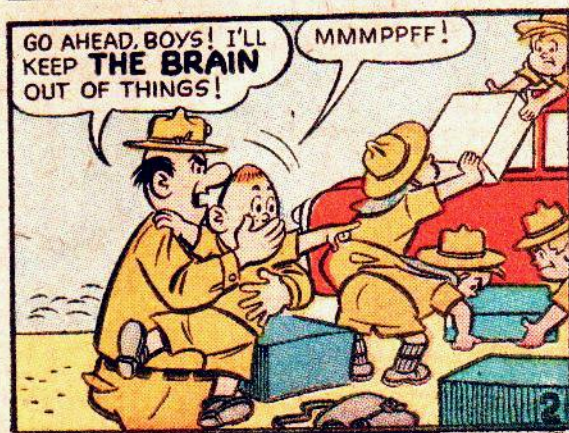
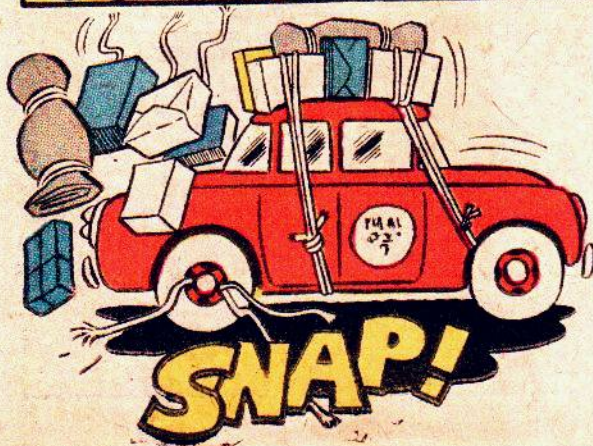
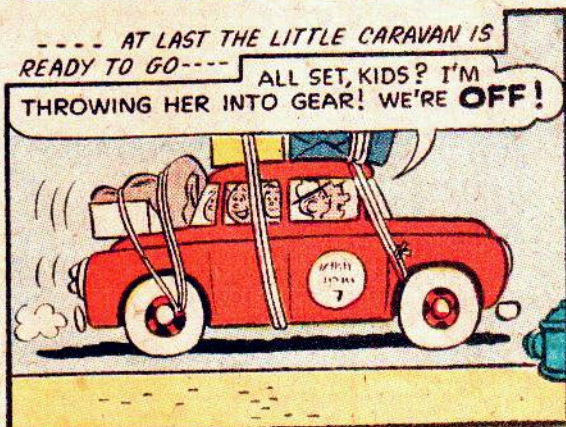
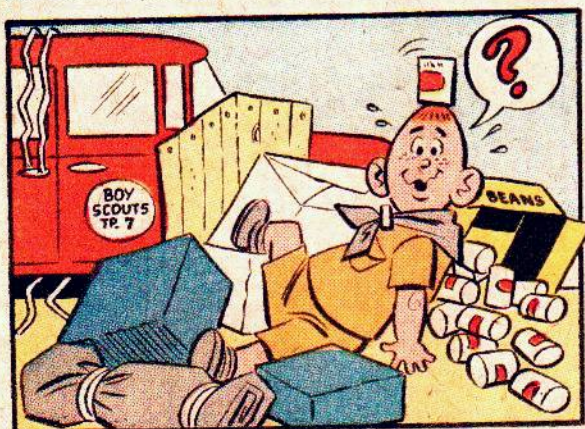
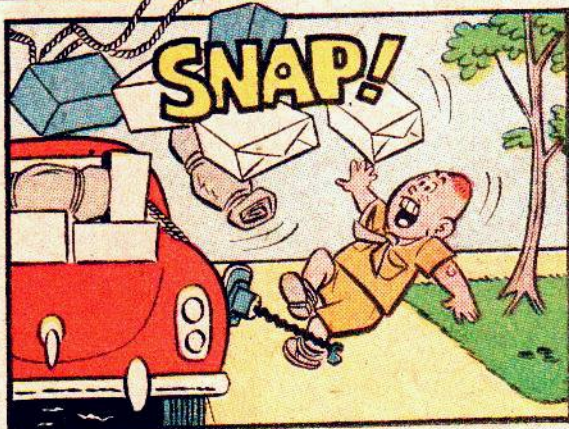
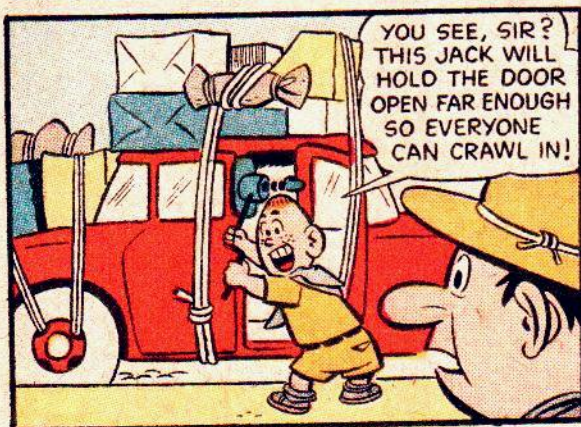
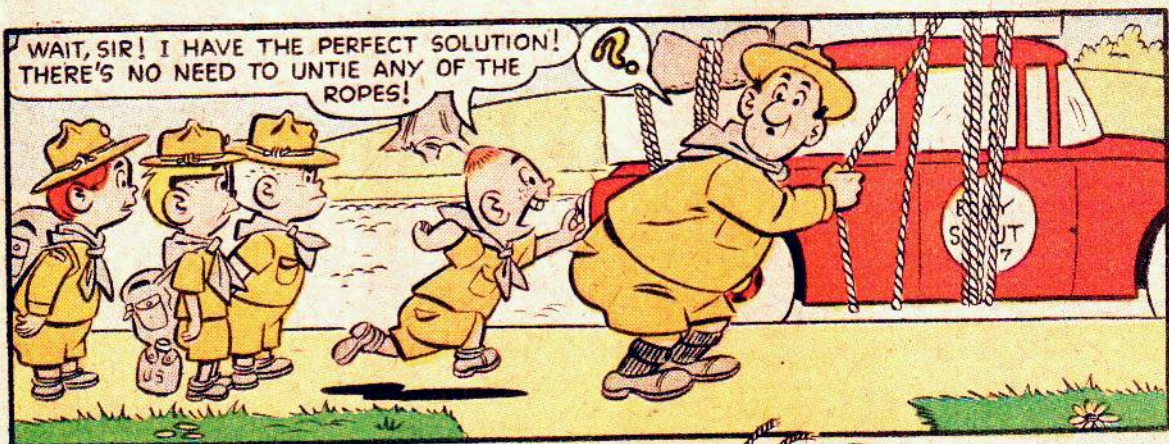
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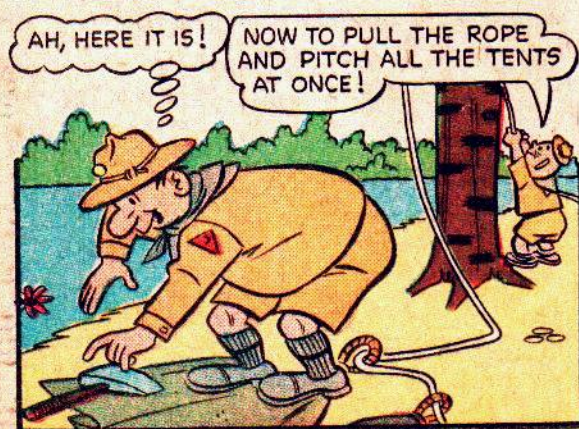
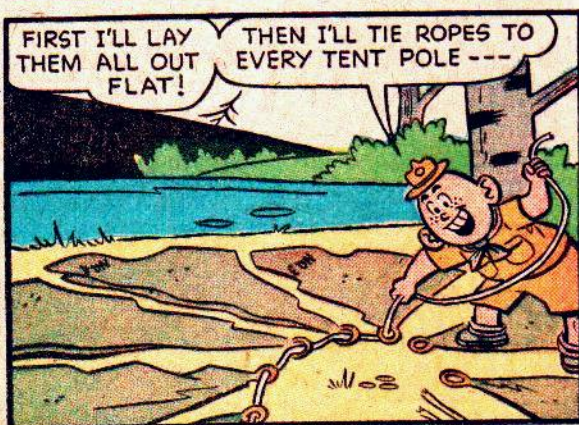
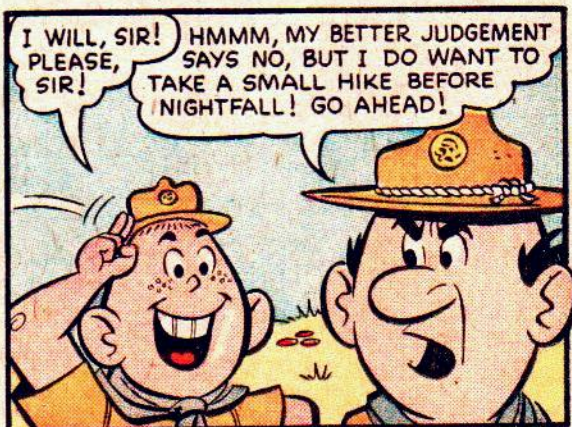


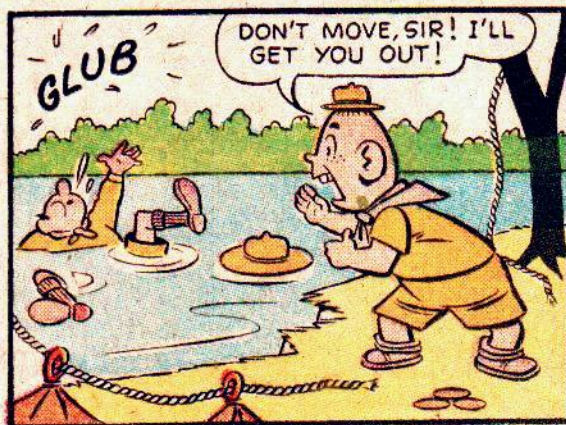
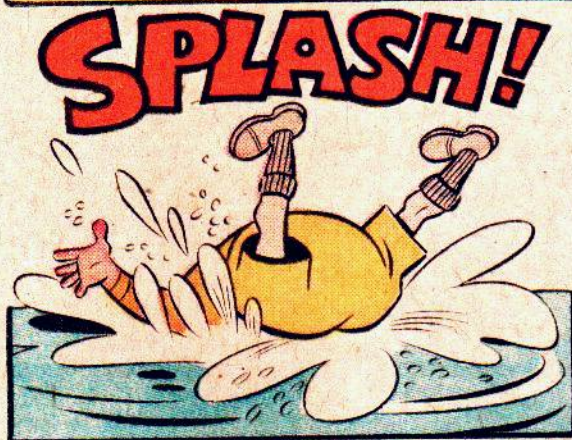
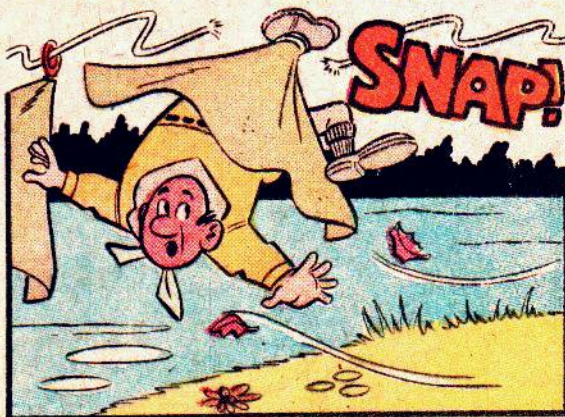
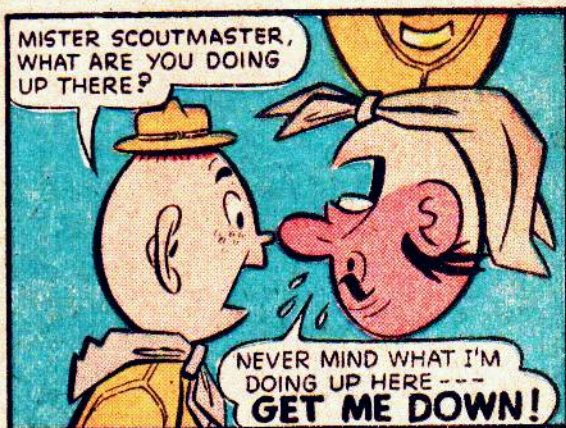
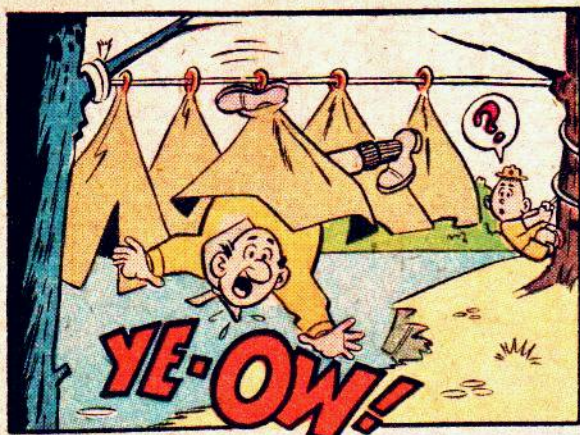
"IN ONE WAY BENJAMIN BANG IS A GOOD SCOUT — BUT IN ANOTHER — WE-ELL HE CAN BE **GOOD** AND **GOOFY** WHICH YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF WHEN YOU GO ALONG ON

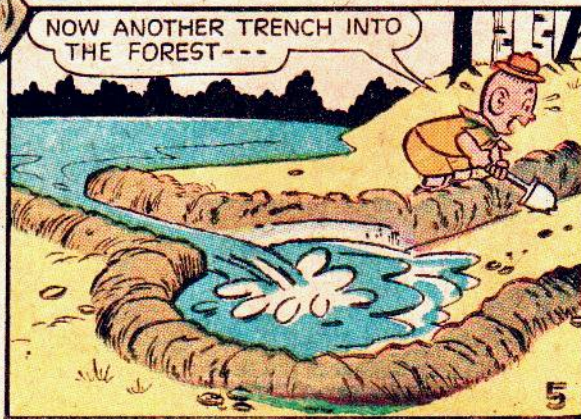
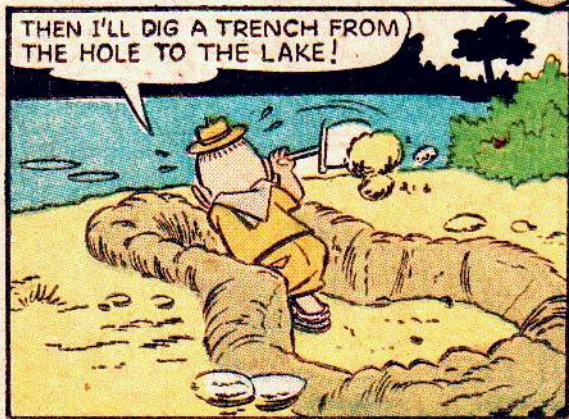
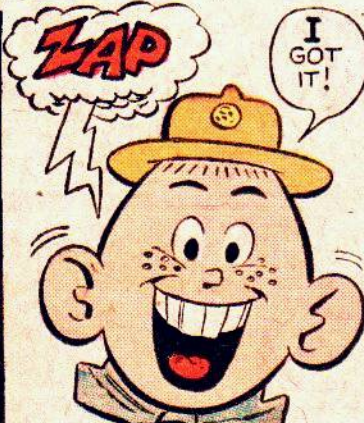
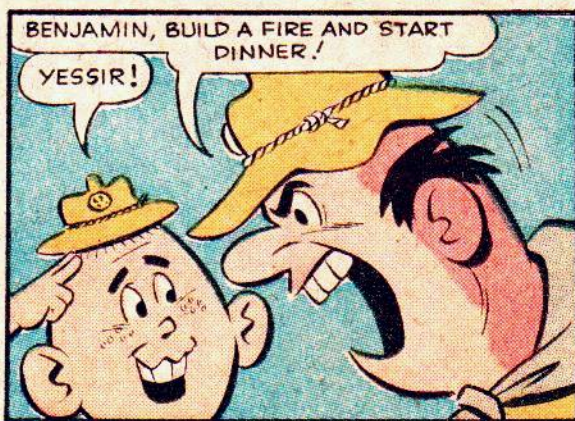
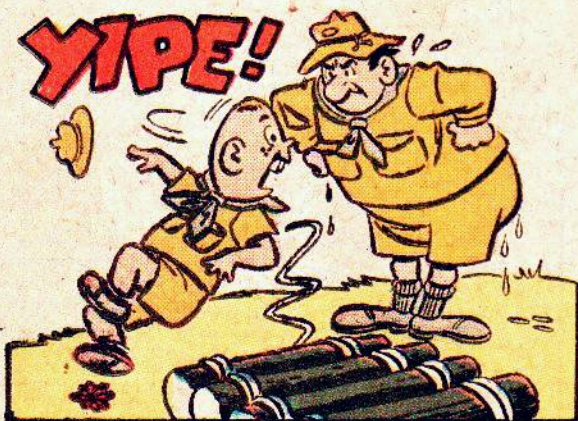
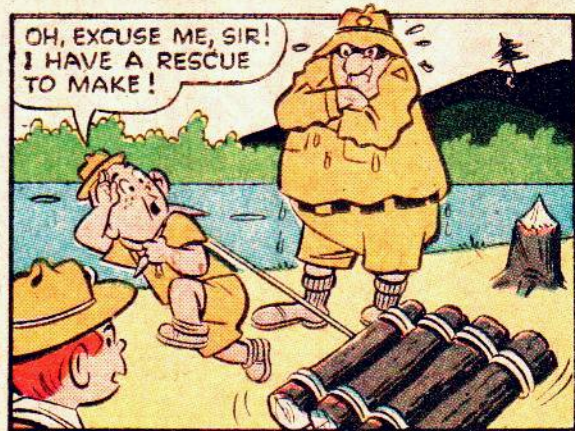
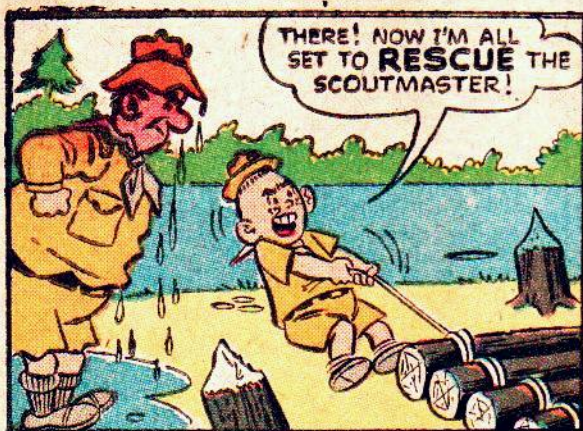
THE OVERNIGHT HIKE" WITH the Brain!

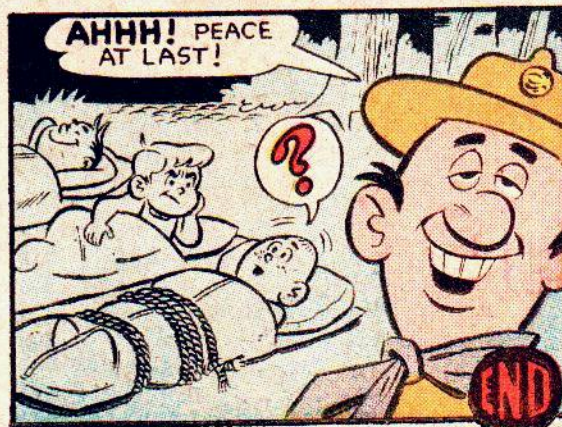
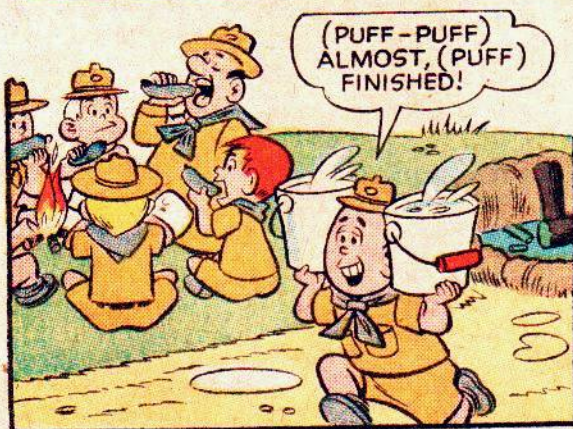
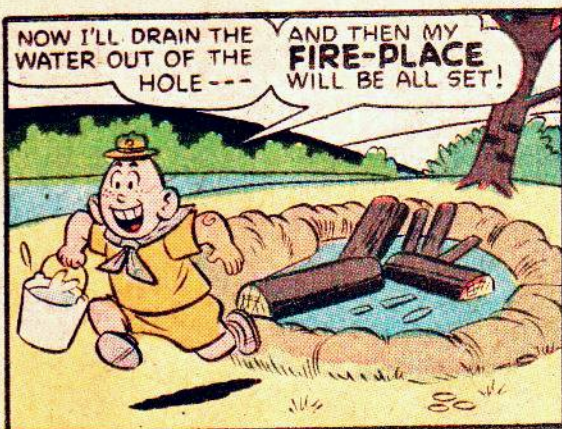
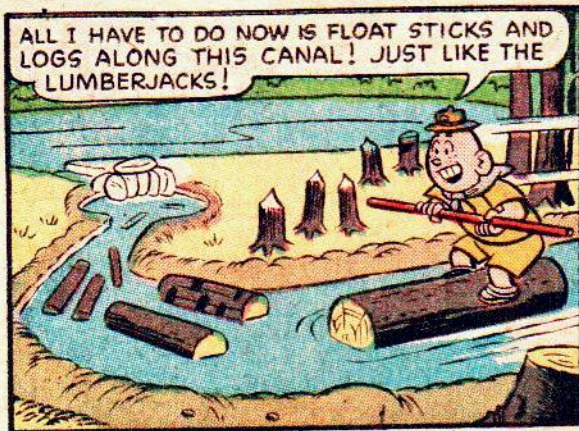












TALK-TALK-TALK



FROM the moment he opened his eyes in the morning to the moment he closed them at night, Herbie talk-talk-talked. He talked in the house and he talked in the street. He talked when it was sunny, and he talked when there was sleet.

Herbie was a Talking Boy.

Whenever he'd meet someone in the street, he would say, "Hello," and "How do you feel?"

The person would answer, "Fine, thanks. How do YOU feel?"

Herbie would take a long deep breath and then he'd talk-talk-talk: about his nose, his toes, the bump on his head, why his fingernail was red, the scratch on his chest, which medicine was best, the scar on his knee, and how he cured his last cold with tea. . . .

Sometimes he talked so long about how he felt, that his poor listener would miss a meal.

And since he did the same thing with everyone he met—he got the name of Herbie How-Do-You-Feel!

One morning Herbie's mother came home from the hospital with a new baby.

Very carefully, she carried the baby into the house. Very gently, she laid the baby down in the bassinet.

Then she and Herbie's father stood over the bassinet and looked down and sighed.

"The little darling's asleep," said Herbie's mother.

"I hope she's a quiet little girl," said Herbie's father. "One talker like Herbie in a family is enough."

Just then Herbie ran in. He had been staying at his grandmother's while his mother was in the hospital. "Mother," yelled Herbie, running to hug her, "HOW DO YOU FEEL?"

His mother kissed him. "Fine, darling," she said. "But I don't have time to ask how YOU feel. Because then you'd talk-talk-talk . . . and I'd never get the formula done or put away the diapers. Sorry, Herbie—but there are a million-million-million things to do when you have a little baby that's so brand-brand new!"

Herbie took a long look at his sleeping little baby sister. "Daddy told me her name is Lise," he said at last.

"That's right," said his father. "Lise! Rhymes with sneezer!"

"Can she talk?"

"Not yet," said his father, "but we can wait. . . ."

For the rest of that morning, both Herbie's parents were as busy as could be. Every minute, they were unpacking or stacking or rushing or hushing.

When his aunt came to see the new baby, Herbie's face brightened. At last . . . somebody to talk to!

"Hello, Aunt Ceil," he said "How do you feel?"

"Fine, thanks," said Aunt Ceil. "But I can't stop to ask how YOU feel. I have to see the new baby, and then rush right home."

When Uncle Frank came, Herbie's face brightened again. "Uncle Frank," said Herbie, "can YOU stop to talk to me . . . a little . . . please . . . maybe?"

"Sorry," said Uncle Frank. "I came to see the new baby—and then I have to rush right back to the office."

Herbie was a Talking Boy. What could he do? He just HAD to find somebody to talk to. So he walked out onto the street. And the first person he met was Mr. Haffic, the policeman who directed traffic at a very busy corner.

"Hello," said Herbie. "How do you feel?"

"Fine, thanks," said Mr. Haffic. "How do YOU feel?"

Well, right there in the middle of that busy street, Herbie took a long deep breath and began to talk-talk-talk: about the scratch on his chest, which medicine was best, about his nose and his toes. . . .

But Mr. Haffic could not listen so long. He had all the traffic to direct. So he began waving his hands to make Herbie stop.

When the drivers of the cars saw Mr.

Haffic, the policeman who directed traffic, wave his hands up and down and sideways too, they did not know what to do.

They stopped and they started! They turned left and right! Horns honked and fenders scraped!

And while Mr. Haffic was busy untangling that traffic jam, Herbie walked sadly away....

Herbie was still walking sadly when suddenly he heard: GUSSSH!H!

Herbie looked up and saw Mr. Diener, the street cleaner, opening a hydrant with a wrench. GUSSSH!H! The water poured out in a frothing stream.

"Hello," said Herbie. "How do you feel?"

"Fine, thanks," said Mr. Diener. "How do YOU feel?"

Herbie took a long deep breath and began to talk-talk-talk: about the bump on his head, why his fingernail was red, the scar on his knee, and how he cured his last cold with tea. . . .

Now while Herbie was talking, Mr. Diener forgot all about the hydrant. And he forgot WHY he was wetting the street.

A big parade was going to come up the street—and Mr. Diener was wetting the street so the marchers would not get dusty.

But Herbie kept talking and Mr. Diener kept listening, and while he was listening he kept turning the wrench, opening the hydrant more and more—and—GUSSSH!H!—the water was gushing at FULL FORCE now!

BAH - BOOM! BAH - BOOM! BAH-BOOM - BAH - BOOM - BAH - BOOM!

A military band was marching at the head of the parade. Beating their drums and blowing their horns, the musicians marched along, staring only at the music-sheets right in front of their eyes. . . .

They did not see the gushing hydrant! Closer they marched—closer. . . .

BAH - BOOM! BAH - BOOM! BAH-BOOM - BAH - BOOM - BAH - BOOM! GUSSSH!H!

"Stop! Stop!" cried the people from the sidewalk. But there was so much BOOM-ING and GUSHING, that nobody heard them!

Right into that stream of frothing water marched the musicians!

OOOFF! THUDD! The water knocked them down! CLANNG! CRASSH! Down clattered the horns and the drums! WHISSH! The music-sheets were swept down the street!

The musicians were still shaking water out of their caps when Herbie walked sadly away. . . .

Now while Herbie was out in the street, THINGS WERE HAPPENING at home!

Lise, his little baby sister, had awakened. And the second she opened one eye, she began to cry!

"WAAAAA! WAAAAA!"

It wasn't just a whimper. It was a very loud yell—as loud as the loudest bell.

And she did not stop!

Herbie's parents tried everything to comfort little Lise. They fed her. They burped her. They sang to her. They joggled her up and down. Herbie's father even made faces and stood on his hands like a clown.

But—"WAAAAA! WAAAAA!"—that baby kept crying.

Herbie's parents called Dr. Procter. Dr. Procter came right over with his little black bag. He examined the baby from head to toe.

Dr. Procter puzzledly shook his head. "Nothing wrong with her," he said. "You just have a crying baby. You'll have to get used to her."

"Oh no," groaned Herbie's father. "A Talking Boy and a Crying Baby in one family—that's TOO MUCH!"

"Hmmm," said the doctor. "Have you tried joggling her?"

"We've tried everything," moaned Herbie's father.

Just then who walked in but Herbie How-Do-You-Feel.

"I'll never say hello to another person. . . ." Herbie was saying sadly to himself.

"Hello, Herbie," said the doctor. "How do you feel?"

Herbie's face brightened. After all, when a DOCTOR asks you how you feel, you just HAVE to tell him, don't you?

Herbie took a long deep breath and began to talk-talk-talk: about his nose, his toes, the bump on his head, why his fingernail was red, the scratch on his chest, which medicine was best, the scar on his knee, and how he cured his last cold with tea. . . .

And while Herbie was talking, a WONDERFUL THING happened! His little baby sister STOPPED CRYING! She lay quietly in the bassinet with a listening-look on her tiny face. . . .

SHE LIKED HERBIE'S TALKING!
HERBIE'S TALKING WAS THE ONLY THING THAT COULD MAKE HER STOP CRYING!

From that time on, Herbie sat beside the bassinet whenever his little baby sister was awake, and talk-talk-talked till she fell asleep.

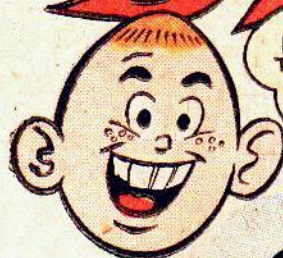
So Herbie's parents were happy, Herbie was happy, and so was little Lise.

"You like your little baby sister," Uncle Frank said one day. "Don't you, Herbie?"

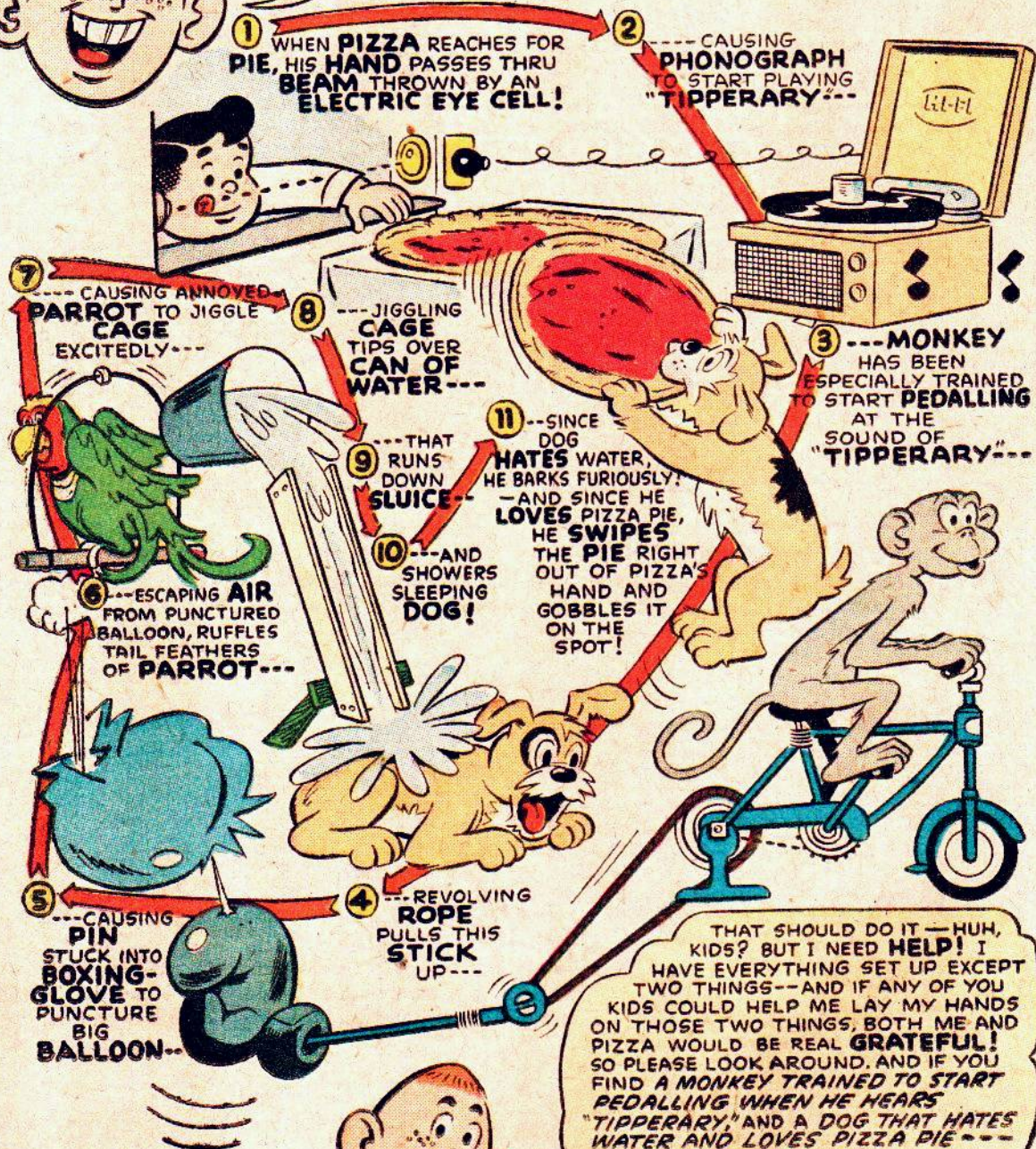
"I sure do," said Herbie. "She can't talk yet—but wowie!—can she LISTEN!"

THE END

BrainSTORMS



HI, KIDS! — MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME OUT! YOU ALL KNOW MY PAL, PIZZA? WELL, PIZZA HAS TO LOSE WEIGHT — AND THE ONLY WAY THAT BLIMP WILL EVER LOSE WEIGHT IS BY LAYING OFF THOSE PIZZA PIES HE LOVES SO MUCH! SO, TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT I'VE DREAMED UP TO BREAK HIM OF THE HABIT---



THAT SHOULD DO IT — HUH, KIDS? BUT I NEED **HELP!** I HAVE EVERYTHING SET UP EXCEPT TWO THINGS---AND IF ANY OF YOU KIDS COULD HELP ME LAY MY HANDS ON THOSE TWO THINGS, BOTH ME AND **PIZZA** WOULD BE REAL **GRATEFUL!** SO PLEASE LOOK AROUND. AND IF YOU FIND A **MONKEY** TRAINED TO START **PEDALLING** WHEN HE HEARS **"TIPPERARY"**, AND A **DOG** THAT **HATES WATER** AND **LOVES PIZZA PIE---** PLEASE SEND THEM TO

THE BRAIN

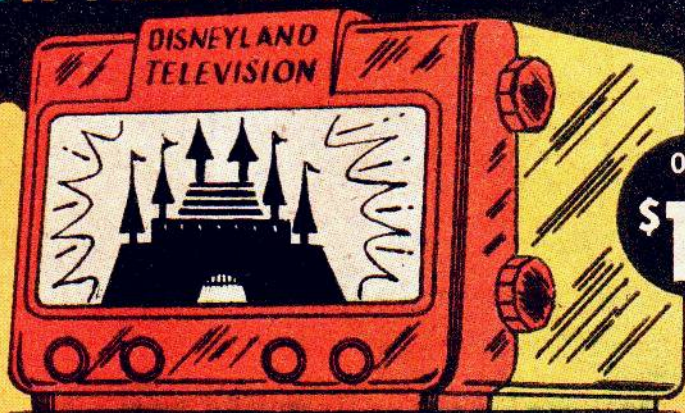
--- CARE OF THIS MAGAZINE! THANKS A LOT!



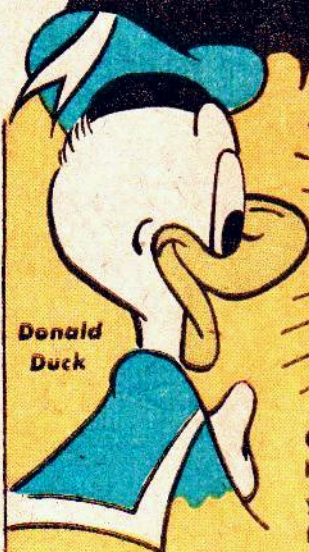
HEY KIDS!! SEND FOR THE NEW

Disneyland

COLOR TELEVISION SET



Donald Duck



COMPLETE WITH 8 ROLLS OF COLOR FILM

Now you can have hours of fun seeing and showing your own favorite Disneyland to your friends and family. Each roll of film is different—here are the titles:

- 1 Mickey Mouse in Disneyland
- 2 Mickey Mouse in Adventureland
- 3 Peter Pan in Fantasyland
- 4 Goofy in Frontierland
- 5 Donald Duck in Tomorrowland

PLUS

- 6 Davy Crockett at the Alamo
- 7 Davy Crockett Fights the Creek Indians
- 8 Davy Crockett and the 8'or

Peter Pan



Mickey Mouse



Davy Crockett



In all, the 8 rolls of 4 color film make up 112 different pictures of Disneyland and his friends! Don't wait! Mail coupon immediately with only \$1. Your set will be sent postpaid. No C.O.D.'s. For Canadian & foreign orders—send \$1.50 money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or return set for full refund.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Folks:

Here's my dollar. Send me the Disneyland Color Television set with 8 rolls of film. If not completely satisfied, I may return same for full refund.

Name _____

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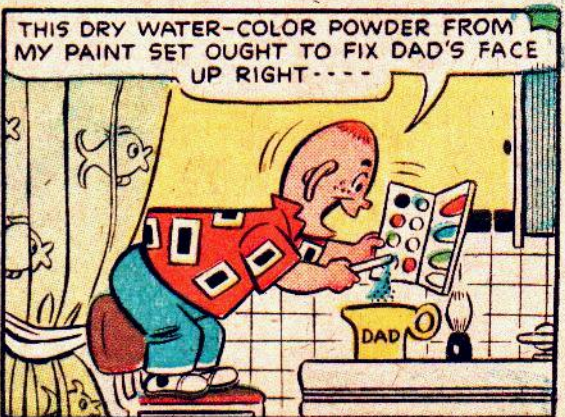
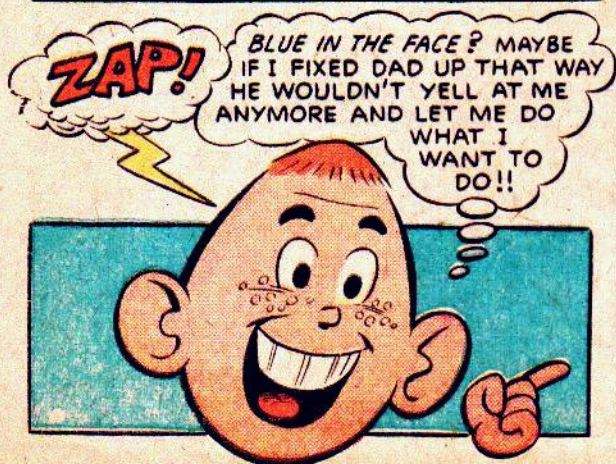
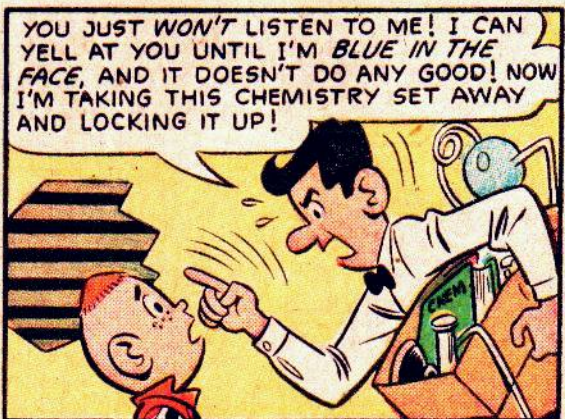
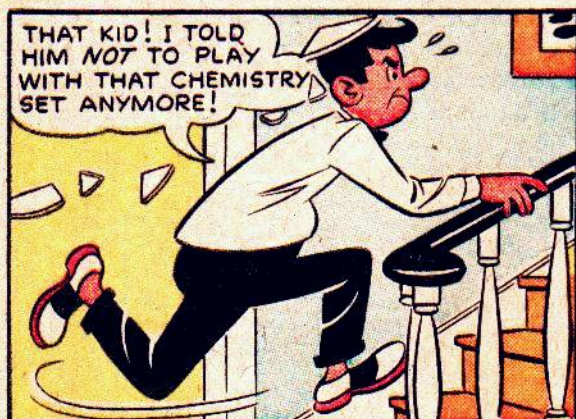
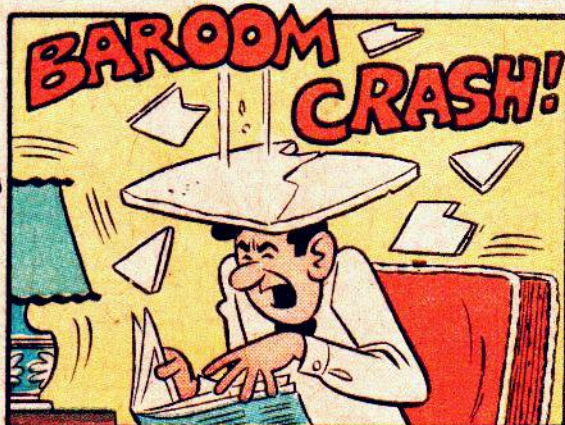
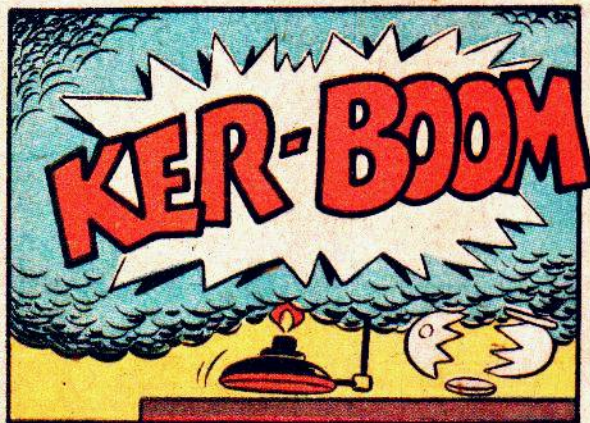
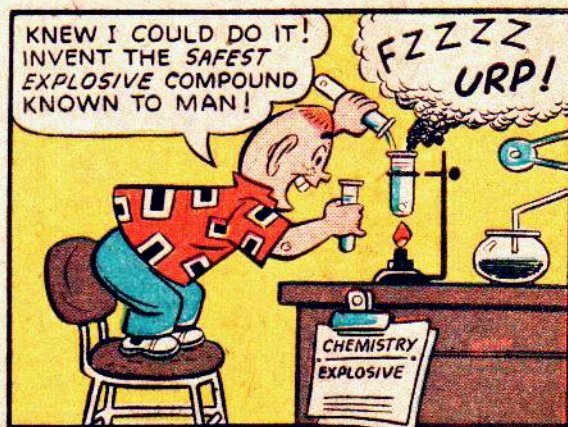
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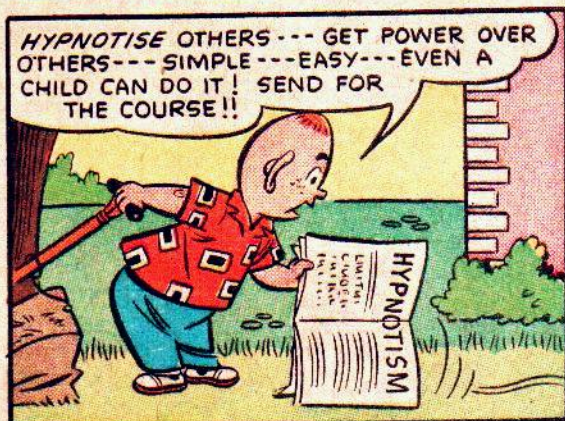
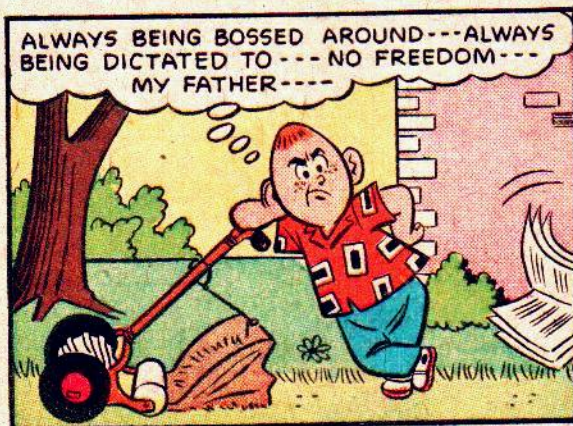
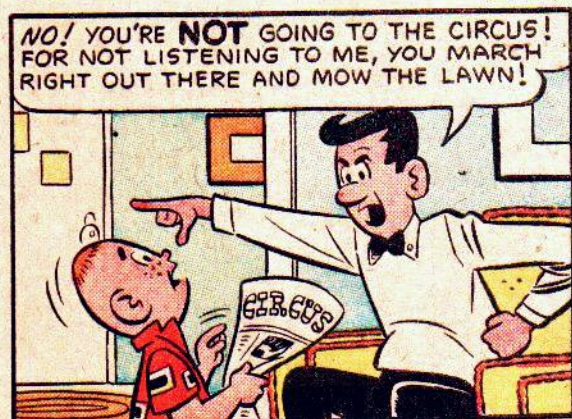
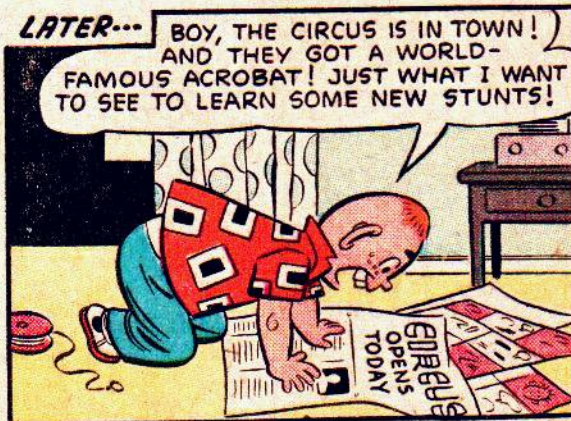
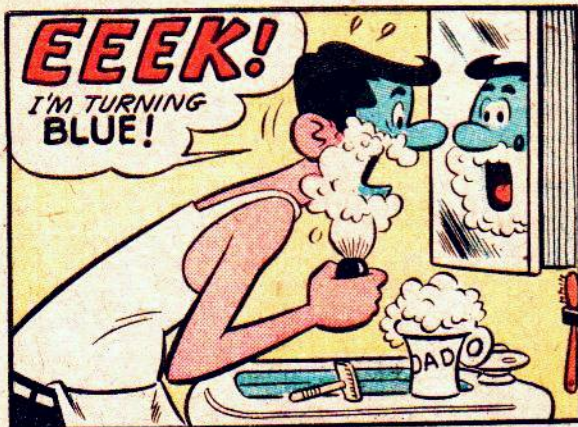
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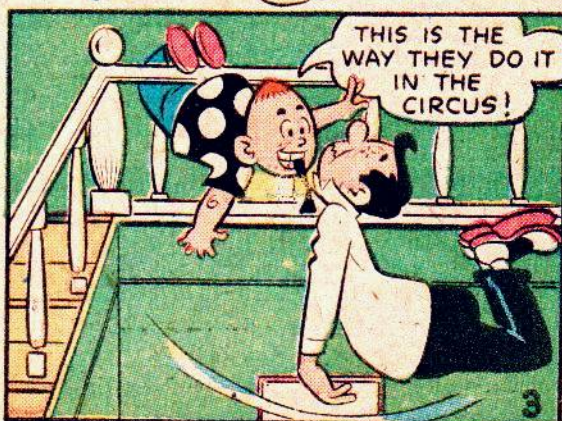
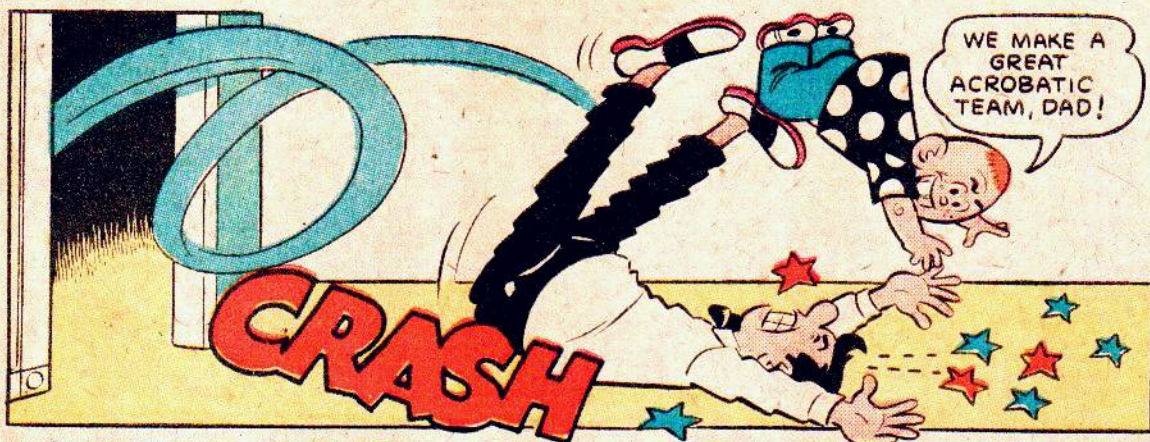
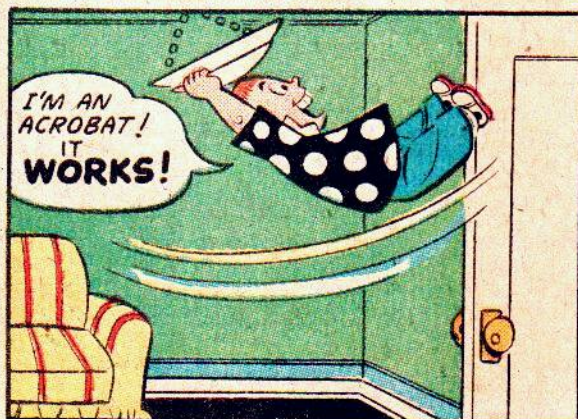
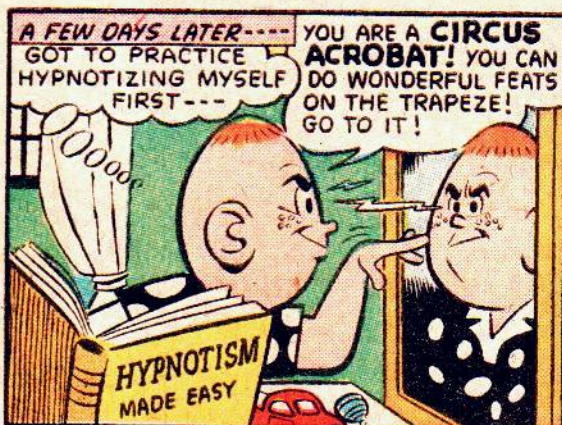
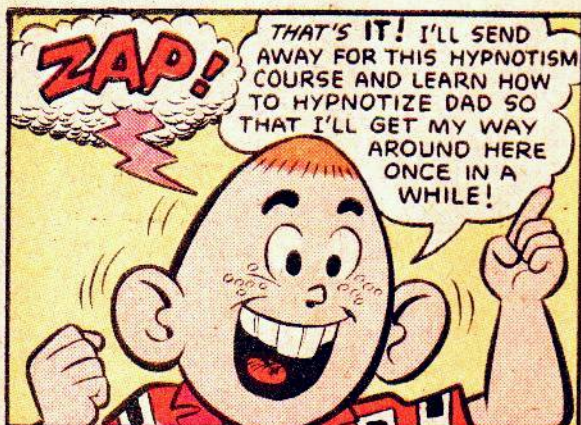
Canadian & Foreign orders, \$1.50 with coupon

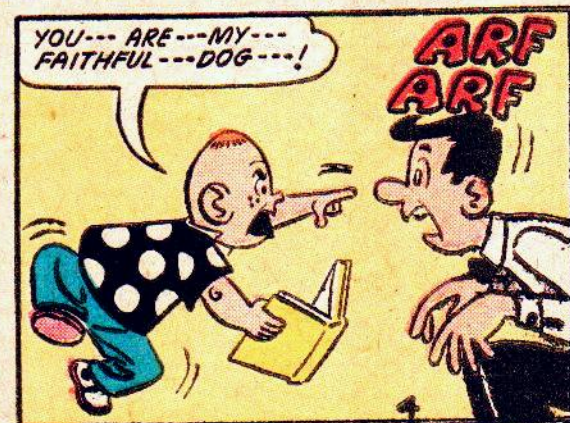
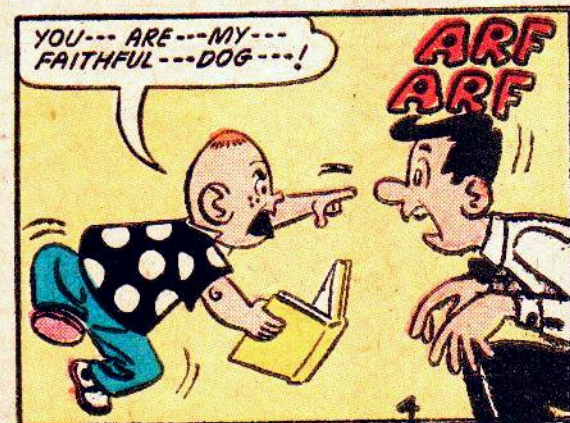
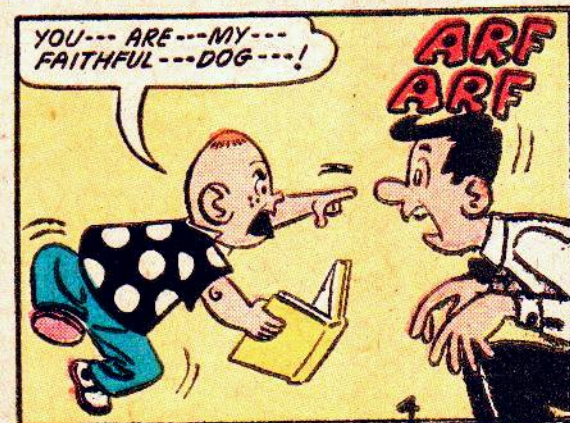
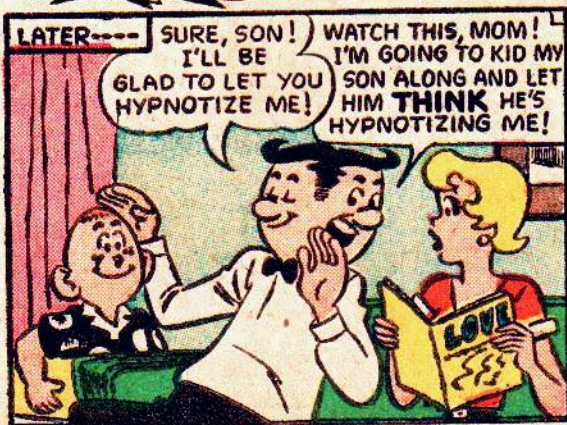
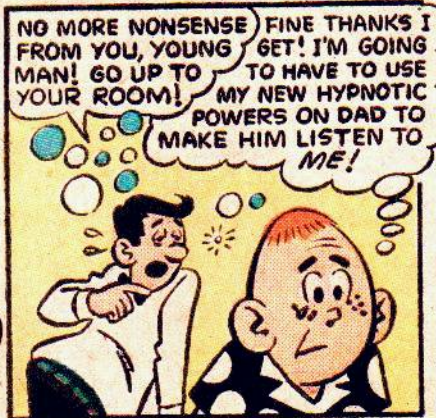
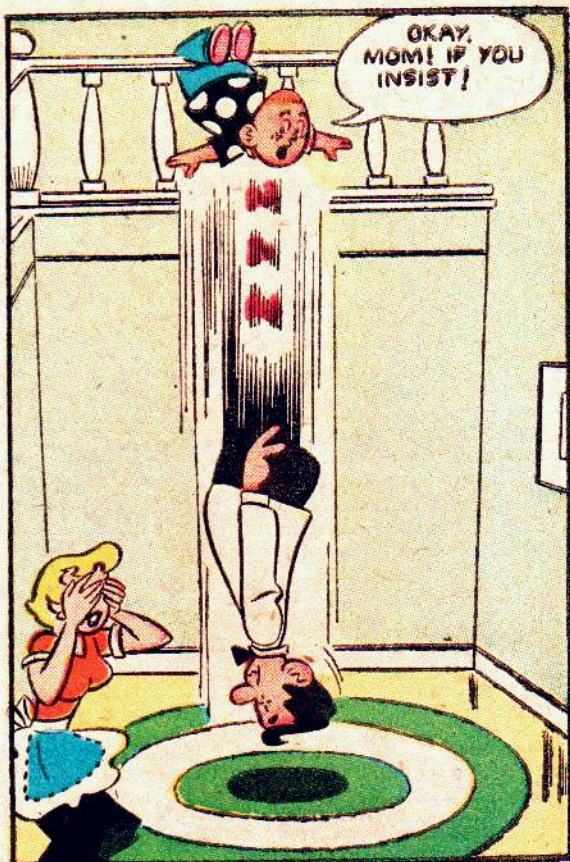
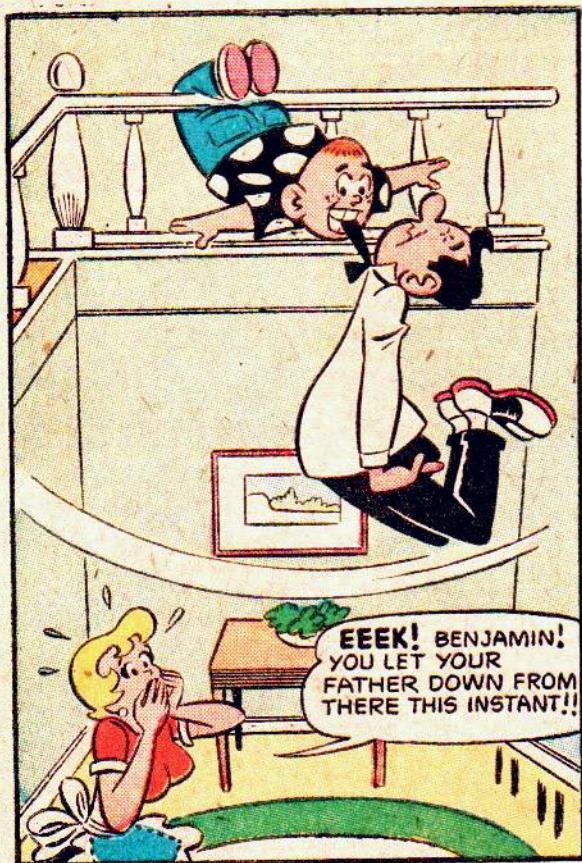
the Brain!

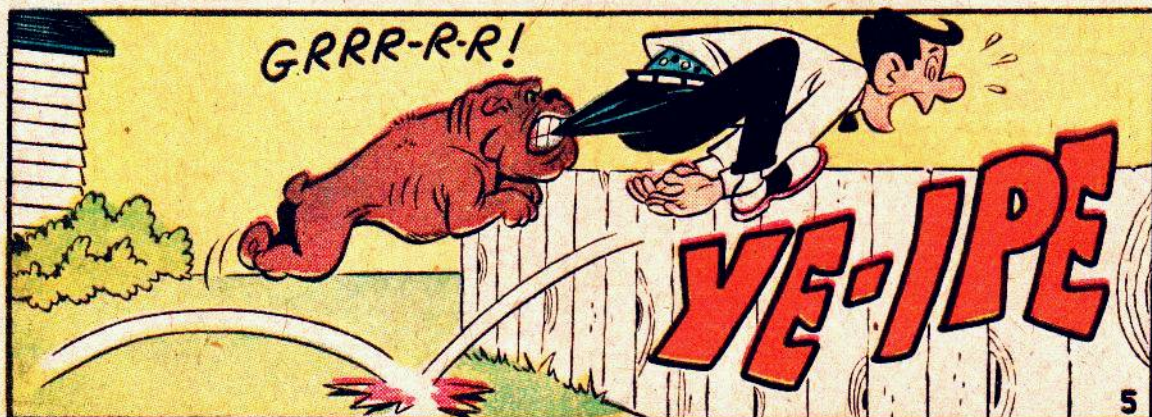
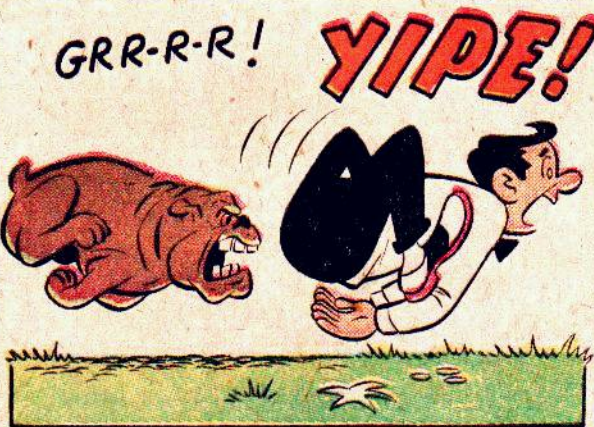
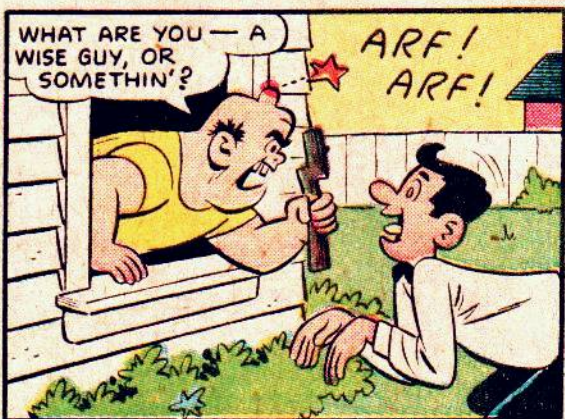
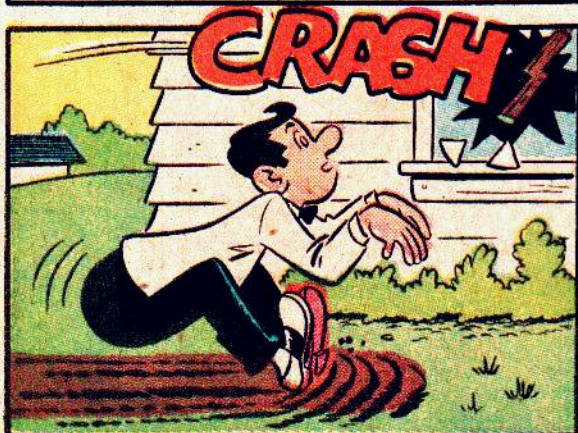
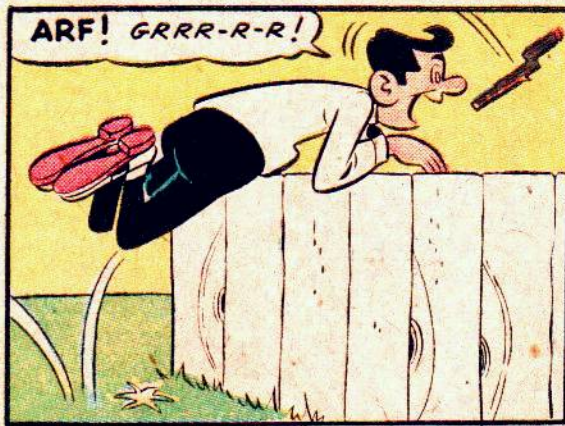
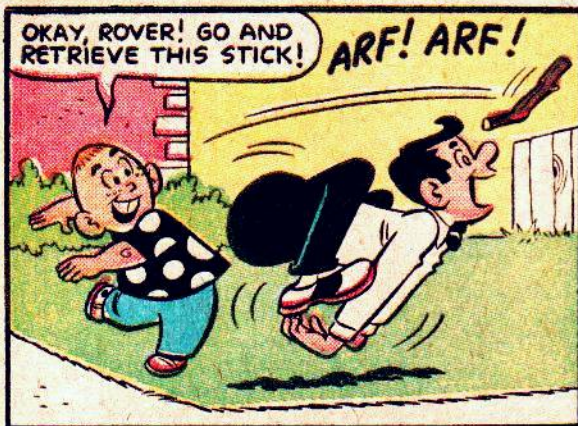
"A DOG'S LIFE"

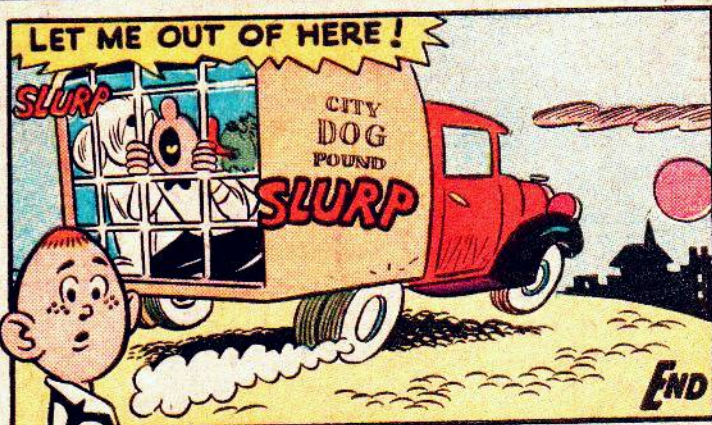
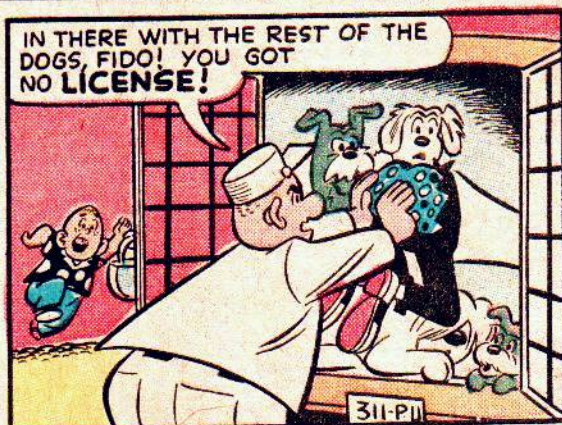
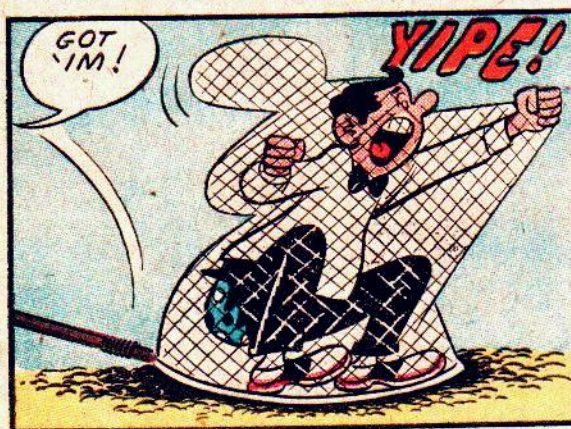
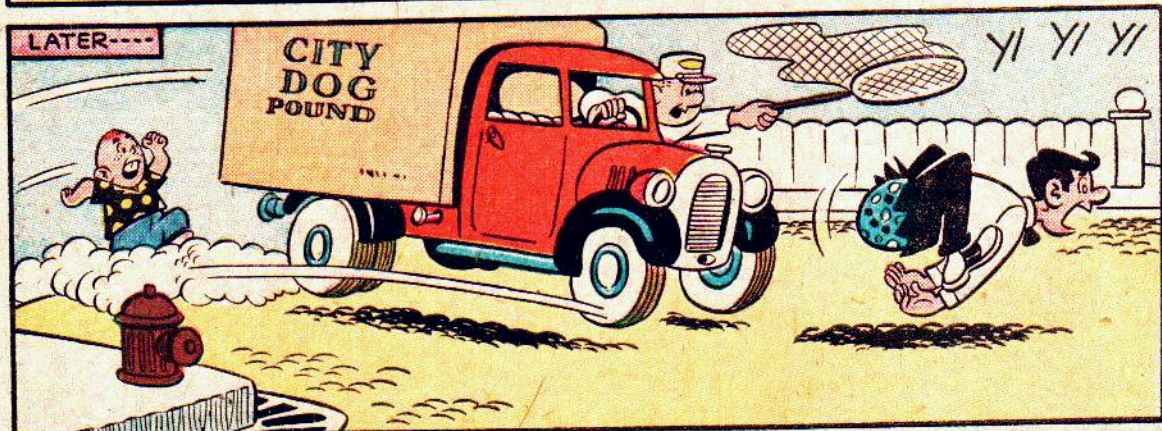
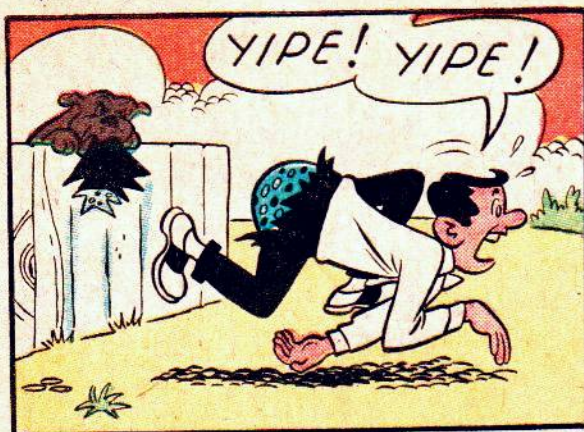




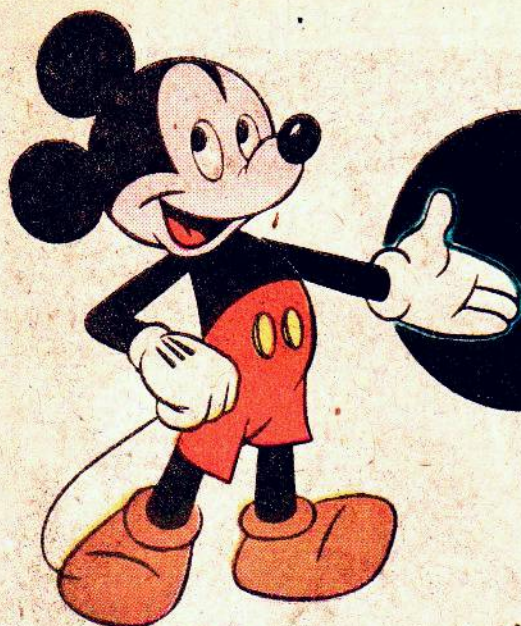








MICKEY MOUSE FANS!



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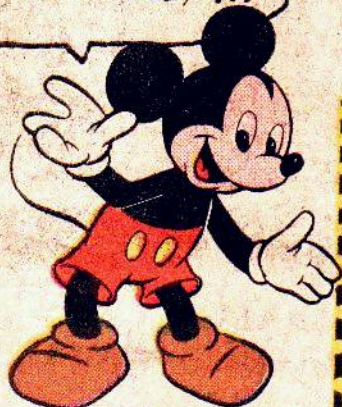
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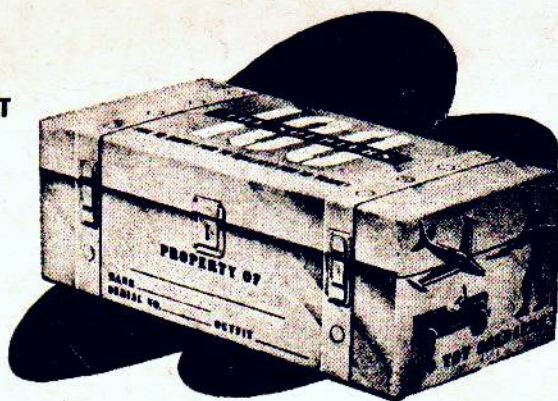
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